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LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY RITA.

When rains upon the mountain fall,
The streams a sullen hue appear;
But when the sunshine smiles again,
The waves regain their sparkle clear.

Thus often life's uncertain stream
Is darkened by the storms of fate;
But soon the golden sun returns,
Have we but fortitude to wait.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

WHO was the man?

Not some unknown nocturnal prowler. An acquaintance of the deceased. Had he not cried as he clinched, "A reckoning?"

Silence, absolute and profound!

Then upswelled a soft clamor of comment—of tongues let loose.

The prisoner was innocent, after all!

And the countess had meditated suicide!

And who was guilty of Sir Geoffrey Damyn's death?

Farther off than ever appeared the solution.

"Silence in the court!"

The dull roar died down. Once only did Harold, Lord Silverdale, move.

When the countess's evidence was finished, he turned to his daughter. She was white with excitement.

Mutely he held out his hand. As mutely she laid hers in it. And so they sat.

A brief fusillade of questions followed.

Then her ladyship was allowed to leave the box.

The prisoner's junior counsel, who had been in consultation with some person obscured by a high desk from general view, now came forward.

"A woman has arrived, your lordship, who proffers evidence of extreme importance for the defence. I request that she be sworn."

The silken draperies of my lady, who was leaning on the arm of the Marquis of Lanpury, fairly brushed the poor garments of the next—the last witness.

A stranger. Lady Iva knew her though, and involuntarily tightened her grasp on her father's hand.

An old woman, stopped, humpbacked, spectacled, silvery haired, plainly clad.

"Your name?"

"Mrs. Lester."

Even Mr. Francis Vale straightened up in astonishment.

Who was she? friend or foe? He had heard nothing of any Mrs. Lester.

"You desire to give evidence?"

"I do. I live with Mrs. Morris, at the southern lodge of the Silverdale demesne. On the night of the murder—Christmas night—I was sitting up late and alone, by the side of a little dead child."

The peculiarly smooth, sibilant, low-toned voice ceased.

She darted one rapid look at the Countess.

She had not returned to her former place. Near the open door of the official exit, where the bloom-freighted wind of April fanned her, but still in full sight of the audience, she sat.

Half interested she seemed, half indifferent, wholly exhausted.

"I heard a horseman pass the lodge windows. Soon I heard a shot—almost immediately another!"

Ah, another!

A fresh throb filled every soul. This bore out the declaration of the Countess. Two shots were fired, then!

The artists for the illustrated papers, clustered at a central table, worked feverishly on. Down on their sheets went the grotesque little creature on the stand.

"I went to the door—stood there. I grew chilled—I don't know how long I had been there—and turned to go in, when I saw a man come half-staggering towards me."

The Earl drew one long breath of passionate relief. His wife, whom he had martyred by suspicion, was undefiled as one of Heaven's own angels!

He lifted his eyes to her. She was leaning toward the witness, her hands clutched together in her lap.

"I waited. I was not afraid. I knew he had been hurt. 'Let me in, for Heaven's sake,' he moaned. I did so. I closed the door of Granny Morris's room, that she might not awaken. Then I looked at the man and recognized him."

This was becoming exciting!

The real murderer was recognized—known—would be proclaimed!

Sonler grew my lady's face. She did not take her eyes off the witness. Fear had conquered physical exhaustion.

No one demanded the name. That would come in time.

"He was fearfully bruised and battered. He complained of excruciating pain in his side. He said an enemy had flung his whole force into one prostrating blow."

"'I think a rib is fractured,' he said, 'and penetrating the lung. But I paid him back—I did. He left me for gone—or next thing to it—but I up and I shot him dead!'"

In the tense hush which followed, distinctly audible became the scrape, scrape, of a reporter sharpening his pencil.

"I aided him," went on the smooth, subdued voice; "and then he asked me where he could hide. I said, 'In Ivy Tower.'"

In Ivy Tower.

Again the Earl looked toward the still figure beyond.

As rigid as it would be in her coffin was that small, fair face.

"He begged me to let him die like a rat there. I promised. Almost daily, under various pretences, I stole to see him, bought him food in town, secretly took it to him. He was very ill; he grew worse. He feared he was dying. But he would not allow me to make known his presence or to call a doctor. Behind a fallen mass of the tower he lay, in the blankets I had brought him, suffering but obstinate.

"He was a deserter from the English army; he was also a murderer. I urged him to permit me to make known the truth, and so clear the prisoner. He replied, 'You can tell all when the case comes up for trial. I shall be in my grave or thousands of miles away by then.'"

She paused as if fatigued.

"Go on," his lordship said, gently.

"The day he thought himself dying, he told me he had formely been a servant of Sir Geoffrey Damyn when the latter privately married Miss Marguerite Woodville."

Was it coming—after all?

With dizzying plunge my lady's heart kept beating.

"He became infatuated with his master's wife. By adroit villiany he succeeded in separating the young couple. Then he endeavored by threats of revealing what he made her believe was her disgrace, to force her to marry him. She spurned him. Her sister married the Earl of Silverdale."

Was this all, or did that queer little witch know still more?

Not seeming to breathe, my lady sat still and listened.

"But the murderer?" the prisoner's counsel demanded. "Where is he? Did he recover!"

"Not wholly, but he went away. For two months he had lurked there. One night in February, a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Castle visited the place. He feared discovery. He fled the spot. I know not where he went."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. May I be permitted to continue the story told me?"

"If it bears directly on the case in point," his lordship decided.

"I think it does. The Countess of Silverdale, travelling down to Sussex in company with her sister last September, was forced by a train wreck to spend some time at a small village. Here, the valet following them stopped, too. At dusk he thought he saw Miss Woodville—Mrs. Damyn, she really was—writing at a window. He leaped in, threatened her with a revolver. She fainted, she died, was buried."

Vividly all present remembered reading of that sudden death.

Lower the sun sunk; all the western windows were ablaze.

"The Countess paid him to keep her sister's secret—five hundred pounds. She took her child, cared for it. He promised to molest her no more. In London, when his regiment was about to sail for the Soudan, he heard that which prompted his desertion. He could get from her now all the money he chose to extort."

It was coming.

"He was lurking about, waiting a chance to see her, when Sir Geoffrey rode up the avenue last Christmas night, recognised the treacherous face he had such good cause to mar for ever.

"'You scoundrel! Now for a reckoning!' he cried.

"'Stop—wait till you hear!' the other begged. 'Your wife did not die. The woman they buried in the churchyard in Devon was Lilian, wife of Lord Silverdale!'"

The Earl sprang to his feet.

Lady Iva rose, too, clung to him, pale quivering.

"He answered, 'I know.' He, the deserter, cried again, 'Your wife lives at the Castle. She personates her sister, whose body was nailed under a coffin lid—the real Countess of Silverdale.' Came the reply, 'I know that, too. But you'll take your thrashing all the same, you curl!'"

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Vainly the judge threatened to clear the court; vainly the ushers proclaimed order.

Every man—every woman, too, for the matter of that—was up, gesticulating, exclaiming.

One revelation following another so closely had fairly stunned them.

The intensity of the situation was painful. The curiosity of the spectators at fever heat.

The reporters and correspondents scribbled as though their lives hung on the issue; the artists kept their keen glances, their pencils flying.

Only when the voice of the chief witness again sounded did comparative quiet ensue.

As one drowning, they say, sees in a single moment years of life, so in that instant of her declaration did the Earl recall many things which had oddly puzzled him.

Her inattention when he used to call her by name, her failure to recall incidents familiar to them both, the scar upon her palm which Mrs. Vere declared Marguerite had borne, the assertion of Mrs. Simpson concerning the locket "on the heart of a corpse."

"Listen!"

Just the one imperious word. The speaker had boldly raised her head.

Silence again fell.

"This is the strangest part of all. The man whom Reuben Garrett—that was the servant's name—the man whom Reuben Garrett met in London, was an old pal of his—a resurrectionist!"

Now you could hear a pin drop in the court.

"He told the soldier—when they were speaking of Devon—of a peculiar incident which happened there. In confidence this, you understand. He said he and another had robbed a grave. The young lady was believed to have had jewels buried with her. On their way to the city the supposed corpse revived. She told them she was the Countess of Silverdale—that her sister had usurped——"

Again a rising rebellion.

"Silence in the court!" came the stern order.

Every eye had fastened itself upon my lady.

Slowly, with death-white face and staring eyes, she had risen to her feet.

"Her place," went on Mrs. Lester.

Afraid of losing one word of that startling story, again that vast multitude quieted down.

"They secured for her ordinary clothes, made her don them! then," no longer low, foreign sounding, the voice of the witness, but full rich and sweet as my lady's own—"then terrified, lest she bring punishment upon them, they put her in a madhouse."

"Oh!"

Such a cry—rather a growl—of horror as arose!

One rush—one bound.

The Earl had compassed the distance between his seat and the witness box—leaped up.

On both shoulders of the woman his hands fell heavily.

Everyone held their breath.

What next?

"Where is she now?"

Loud and hoarse the query.

Wild, thrilling, passionate, exultant, the cry,—

"*Here!*"

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Here!

Suddenly, deftly, swiftly, the woman tore off her huge glasses, her half veil, rubbed over her face the saturated handkerchief she carried, threw off her cloak, her hump, her bonnet—stood revealed.

A little, straight, slender thing—save for her silvery hair identically like the lady those present had known as the Earl's wife.

One minute—one full minute—in that supreme silence, the two stood face to face. His blue and blazing eyes studied her countenance. Steadily, lovingly, yearningly, she looked up to him.

It was true! The knowledge engulfed him.

His love—his bride—his wife stood before him. The past was no mystery—the present was plain.

"Lilian!"

This was Lilian! no substitute, no intriguer—his own love. All his old tenderness, his old passion which he had so vainly striven to counterfeit, returned.

He bent, took her in his arms, for one blissful ecstatic moment strained her to his heart.

And now in truth the audience in court went wild. Men shouted and cheered themselves hoarse. Women wept. The jury seemed to share in the general excitement. The officials implored order. No one heeded.

It was a most wonderful story—a stunning revelation.

The Countess was not the Countess at all, but the widow of the murdered man! And the Earl's wife had come back to him out of the grave—out of a madhouse!

It was all delightful, romantic, astounding as a novel or a play.

Only two of all present remembered, pitied the woman whose honor, prestige, position, had been so abruptly torn from her after all her perilous plotting.

Those two were the prisoner and Lady Iva.

The Marquis, keeping devotedly close to the Earl's fair daughter, caught her one murmured word:

"Mamma!"

"Where is the Countess?" he cried.

Where, indeed? All eyes were directed to the spot where she had stood.

She had vanished.

A semblance of order was restored.

One final question:

Did the Court understand the last witness to aver that she was now ignorant of the whereabouts of the murderer of Sir Geoffrey Damyn?

No, not ignorant. She had said he disappeared the end of February. That was true. But yesterday she had discovered that he was back in hiding in Ivy Tower. Where the intervening period had been passed, she did not know. She besought the clemency of the Court. The man was evidently very ill. Last evening a high fever had threatened. She had not seen him to day."

"To Ivy Tower!"

Who uttered that yell?

The crowd took it up. The bloodhound instinct under those irreproachably fitting coats was aroused. They would track the criminal—secure him. And now——

"To Ivy Tower!"

Without leaving their seats, the jury acquitted the prisoner at the bar.

His friends—and they were legion, of course in the hour of his vindication—flocked around him.

With the others he passed out into the sunset light, a free man.

The Countess? Your pardon—a slip! Marguerite Damyn. With her sister's avowal of identity, a mad terror had overwhelmed her—a most blind unreasonable terror.

What might they not, could they not, do to her? Could they imprison her—or hang her? Standing by the open door, she sent a quick glance around.

All were eagerly regarding the meeting of husband and wife. For the moment she was forgotten.

Out of the door she slipped—into the tranquil glory of the spring sunset.

In a golden rain it fell over the half-deserted streets of the village. Here and there, far down the main street, she could discern little knots of people gathering to await the news.

Along the side of the town-hall were quite a string of vehicles, among them the coronetted carriage of the Earl of Silverdale.

She dared not enter it now. She turned down on a side street, walked rapidly on.

A few familiar faces greeted her with a stare. My lady, almost running and all alone! But those encountered courtesied respectfully.

They knew nothing yet.

On!

She had gained the outskirts of the town, was on the road leading to Silverdale Castle.

And now she began to run in earnest.

Why? Where?

She did not know. She could not have told. Fiercely, blindly, like a hunted thing, on she fled.

Home?

Oh, no? She could not go there. She had no home.

Where, then?

As the hare speeds from the hounds, so rushed she, with the same frantic instinct of seeking shelter, the same dull hope of refuge, security somewhere beyond.

A countryman, driving a donkey cart, came in sight.

She slackened her pace till he passed, then fell again into her light, fleet pace.

She no longer felt weakness. Her head was hot, dizzy. She could keep running so for hours, she thought.

Picturesque was the fugitive little figure in the short dress of dark silk, the long, knotted scarf of creamy lace, the big, black plumed hat.

Her cheeks were crimson; her lips were dry and parched; her breath came pantingly.

Here was the high stone wall, bounding the demesne; just ahead there, one of the lodges.

But she would not enter. No, never there—never again!

Hark!

Away, far away, behind her, where lay the village, a sound—many sounds in one.

She stood stock still. She listened.

The tramp of horses, the tread of men, confused chatter—shouts—voices.

She looked back.

No one was in sight yet.

She strained her ears. Her hearing was keen, too.

There was no doubt about it—they were coming this way.

To run wildly on—on till she dropped, or could hide! That was her only impulse.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

AHEAD! Was that way also blocked?

In the distance she caught the gleam of scarlet—of gold.

She was familiar enough with the sight of the military, but now, to her poor palpitating heart, that scarlet hue, the glitter of brass belts and buckles, became an appalling sight.

That the army authorities never molested civilians, she forgot. Also that she, merely for her subterfuge, her personation, her desperate deceit, could not be summarily or harshly dealt with.

Her game was played out. Lilian lived. She had been discovered. She was eternally disgraced.

So she thought. She grew mad with fear that all these people were coming to capture her.

Perhaps her late illness, or the excitement of the day, had affected her mind.

She must get into the demesne. They were coming behind—toward her. She would not wait to be hemmed in, surrounded.

She sprang to the lodge gate. She rang the bell, she beat her bare white hands against the iron bars till both were red with blood.

A woman appeared.

"My lady!" she cried.

"Open!" pantingly.

Ajar at last. Nearer were coming the crowd—the soldiers.

Past the astounded lodgekeeper she fled.

Had the Countess gone crazy? the woman wondered.

Still she kept on!

Ah, there was a safe spot! Ivy Tower.

She drew back.

What if he were within—the man who had confronted her there that February night—who had told her, were she to betray him, he would proclaim her identity the moment of his arrest, and prove it, too.

And when, in hysterical bravado, she had cried out,—

"I will give you up—tell the Earl—he will not believe you—he comes now!" he had sprung past her, down the stairs by the Earl and away.

Then her courage had gone out like a candle in the wind. She knew how rash she had been to dare him.

What if he were here? No, of course not. Lilian said—how queer to speak, to think of Lilian!—that he had disappeared.

On the road without, townspeople, constables, reporters, and a crowd of idlers met the military.

"We seek a deserter," the captain said to the Earl, who came tearing up on horseback. "He was seen on your estate a few days ago. Have we your lordship's permission to patrol the demesne?"

"Of course," he nodded. "But these people are after the same bird. He is wanted for murder. The gates are open."

They were.

In they went with a rush.

She heard them coming. They would go on to the Castle to seek her; they would pass her by. (Poor woman, she thought they hunted her.) They had heard Garrett was not here; they would not enter.

She did not know of the evidence of his presence offered after she had fled.

She sprang up the mound, in under the gloomy arches, and up.

The second floor.

She swept the place with her great wide eyes as she sped to the stairs and climbed.

From the roof she could see whither they went—that mob which neared her retreat. When they dispersed she could come down—think—for she could not think now—oh, no, not now!

On the flat roof, recklessly near the edge she crouched, looked down over the dense boundary of twisted ivy.

They were coming, on foot, on horse.

The coats of the soldiery were blood red in the sunset.

There was the Earl, sitting his horse as though a part of it, marble-faced and stern.

How strange it was, that she, the Countess of Silverdale, should be hiding there!

Ah, she was not that!

There was the Countess of Silverdale—there in that carriage coming up the avenue—there sitting with Iva, with Lionel Curzon and the gallant Marquis.

But her glance left them—went back to him—the one wholly grand and noble creature she had ever known—her love, who to day scorned her.

Why were they pausing here? Why clustering around the tower? No soul had seen her enter. And he was not here!

They had draw up below, civilians and military—all.

The carriages were fairly blockaded. The drivers could not force a passage.

That sound!

A loud shrill, cackling, discordant laugh, and just behind her.

In terror—simple and extreme terror—my lady leaped up.

She forgot that thus she revealed he presence to the muttering mob below.

She turned.

And this she saw a gaunt, tall form clothed in rags, a face which had once been very handsome, but now was terrible to behold.

He advanced.

A shout went up from below.

"There he is!"

A dozen men made a dash for the entrance.

"You have come to me at last!" he cried.

Now she saw how crimson his cheek—how rolling and vacuous his eye.

He was ill with fever—delirious to madness!

She retreated.

He sprang toward her. He caught her in his arms.

So near the edge they were that those underneath hushed their very hearts in fear.

"Oh, my love, you have come to me!"

Those clattering feet on the stairway—how slowly they trod!

She tried to wrench herself free.

His hated clasp—his burning breath!

A downward look.

She saw Iva, Lionel, Lilian!

Then he grasped her more tightly.

The heads of the rescuers appeared level with the roof.

"If not mine in life,"—he shouted so loudly the awed people below heard every word—"if not mine in life, mine in death!"

She resisted—oh, how she resisted!—with every nerve, muscle, fibre of her lithe young body.

Vainly.

He had all a madman's strength.

A deadly, a desperate struggle far up on that dizzy height.

Two forms, in one grip, outlined against the rosy, sunset sky.

Then they were at—on—the very edge of the parapet.

A fierce, fearful fight!

More tightly still in his strangling embrace he crushed her—leaped.

Together, headlong, they went down—struck the earth, rebounded—lay still!

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

"AND you did not hear a word of it?"

"N-never a w-word."

Jimmie Talbot stared at him blankly.

"Where the deuce have you been hiding, anyway?"

The men, just two years after the Silverdale tragedy, had accidentally come together in the dining-room of a fashionable London club.

"I—in Egypt."

"Well," declared Jimmie, deliberately, "I wonder the reverberation of that social shock didn't reach you, even in that Heaven-for-saken country."

"G-go on. T-tell me all about it."

They settled themselves comfortably, and filled their glasses.

But both forgot to empty them as young Talbot told the tragic culmination of the Damyn murder trial.

"A-and the real Countess?" queried little Mr. Bariston, when the tale was done.

"She is with the Earl in Madeira. The shock of her sister's awful death nearly killed her; but careful attention and the loving nursing of Lady Iva helping the most distinguished medical men in England, saved her life. She is now quite recovered, and as happy as the day is long!"

"B-but how about her first bu-burial?"

Jimmie shook his head.

"Gad! Bariston, the story of her trance was blood-curdling. She asserted that from the moment Garrett threatened her with the revolver, mistaking her for her sister, to the moment she revived in the resurrectionist's cart, she was not for one second aware of her surroundings."

"Awful!"

"I should say so. She told of Marguerite weeping beside her the night of her death, of Garrett entering and asking to see her, of the journey down to Sussex, of Marguerite robing her for the tomb, of the appearance of Reuben Garrett. From the conversation held across her coffin, she learned for the first time of Marguerite's secret—of her child. She told, too, of the Earl's arrival, of how the girl personating her had flown to him. She heard their loving words, and she vowed her moment of most intense agony was when he, in simple friendliness, brotherliness, kissed her brow just before they fastened down the coffin-lid."

Mr. Bariston wiped his forehead.

It was a thrilling story.

"She told, too, how hard she had striven to arouse suspicion of her state; how she had tried to move, to shriek, to stir a finger or an eyelash. But with the fearful knowledge that her place in her husband's heart, home, arms was already filled, she was entombed alive!"

Both were silent awhile. Without the plate-glass windows sounded the rattle and roar of the London streets.

"Then," quavered Bariston, "it was really she who scared the countess—I can't call her by any other name—s-so dreadfully?"

"Yes. She came up to the castle windows, eager for a chance to do so. And she saw my lady—I stick to the old name, too, you see—alone in the library. She said another time she had brought a message from Granny Morris to the housekeeper. She had asked permission to wait for her answer in the picture gallery. She saw my lady in the little ante-room opening from it—and removing her glasses and taking out the rubber which concealed some of her teeth, and even altered the shape of her mouth, she alarmed her again."

"Gracious!" gasped Bariston.

"Oh, her disguise was complete. She had given long thought to her make-up. You recollect the night we visited the tower.

"Yes. I left England two days after!"

"Well, that very day, it seems, she had revealed her identity to the poor wretch whom she was tending. He actually refused to believe her till she removed her aids to disfigurement. While undisguised, she chanced to go to a casement. The earl, riding by below, glanced up, saw her. You remember how my lady spoke of it at dinner?"

"I re-member."

"But her hair—silvery white—that was her own. It had turned that hue from horror while she lay in her tomb."

Jimmie ordered a fresh bottle.

"Let me have your glass. How did he (Garrett) know of the deceit when he encountered Damyn? Why, man, alive, as soon as that old pal of his told him of the body-snatching episode, and how the woman had declared so wildly she was Countess of Silverdale, when the men knew it was the sister of the countess who had been supposed dead, he comprehended Marguerite's ruse. The ghouls, of course, had not for a second credited her story. They decided she had gone mad from fright. They were afraid to make known her recovery, dreading that a great number of grave-robbing crimes should be traced to them. So they turned her over, with a certain sum for her keeping to a woman who kept a house for demented people—a woman of their own class, who asked no questions."

"A-and Garret?"

"Deserted straightway and sped down to Sussex, resolved to tax the countess with his suspicions, which were almost certainties. I tell you her description of her escape from the madhouse was sensational."

"The c-child?"

"Oh, he was her own and Damyn's, of course! That was the reason of her great fuss over him. It seems she was ill after his birth, and Reuben Garrett had paid the woman in charge for the child. He wanted to hold it over the mother's head, to force her to marry him. The nurse and the mistress of the place told the poor young mother, when she recovered, that her child was dead and buried. Hallo Christie!"

"Hallo!"

Just as ruddy-skinned and elegant as of old, but with his moustache a little longer and his eye-glass more completely under control, Randolph came up and shook hands.

"We've just been taking of the days we spent together at Silverdale Castle."

"Aw—I often think of them. Met Lionel a short time ago."

"Back, is he? I wonder when the wedding will take place? No one seems to know."

"They are going to have a vewy quiet one, I fawncy."

"I knew this would be the climax—knew it long ago."

The others were equally confident prophets of the past.

"Lady Iva was presented last May. She has been the bright, particular social star since. She did not wish to be married till the shock of the sensation had died out somewhat. Her father urged delay. So Lionel tore himself away. He has been in Italy ever since, I believe, studying art, for which he always had a craze. They say he is going to prove another Millais. However that may be, he's a fine fellow."

"Rather!" seconded Christie.

"R rather!" echoed Barlston, if not as firmly, quite as sincerely.

"The engagement was kept secret, I understand, so the girl was fairly besieged by adorers.

"But the truth is out now."

They rose.

"By-the way, Talbot," asked Christie, screwing in his eye-glass, the friend that never failed him—because tied to him—"theah was a chawming little girl down in Sussex that yeah?"

"Yes?"

"I think I would like to meet heh again. I was quite—quite taken, don't you know! And I think," with a beaming smile, "though she was rawthah cruel, that in her heath she admihed me."

"Oh!"

"Yes," blandly modest. "Heh name was Nora—Nora Dallas."

Jimmie's eyes twinkled.

"It is Nora still. But it isn't Dallas; it is Talbot. Good afternoon, Christie!"

CHAPTER XC.

SILVERDALE! and August is here. Does not that tell you all?

It is sixteen months since Christie, Barlston and Talcot talked together in the club-house.

Two months after that meeting, when the summer was at its fullest, its richest, its most glowing, there was a simple, private marriage ceremony down in the old church at Rothlyn.

The reasons it should be unostentatious were many and obvious.

An announcement would mean revival of the old memories, the old horror. True taste, delicacy, demanding unobtrusiveness.

So there was very few in the age-blackpews that rose-bright, fragrant July morning.

The Earl and Lilian looking radiant with health and happiness, Mrs. Vere, Mrs. Trendworth, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, and Mr. O'Donnell—that was all.

But to-day—ah, to-day who is not here?

It is the August of the year following their marriage, and the Earl has insisted on his daughter holding her wedding reception at her old home. And surely such another day never "came out the Heavens."

Not hot, but warm, and drowsily tender. There is not enough wind to woo a secret from one of those gold hearted lilies which stand up passionless and pure. The roses are almost gone, but the splendid fuchsia swings its scarlet bells across the wall, and

"The soul of the delicious mignonette
Floats on the wind and tempts the vagrant bees
From the pale, purple spikes of lavender."

From attic down the Castle is crowded.

And so many familiar faces, too! For a couple of days they have been arriving, that gay and courtly company, welcomed with true old English heartiness by the Earl and Lillian.

There, dazzling in some indescribable Parisian gown, Mrs. Vere, plump as a partridge, if not exactly pretty as a picture. There is Mr. O'Donnell, rosy-cheeked, white-headed, mildly hilarious. There, over by that great, flashing fountain, is another old acquaintance. Christie? Yes. He is most flawlessly attired, and accompanied—by his eyeglass. There strolling along like a pair of lovers, are Jimmie and Nora. Under that striped marquee, endeavoring to converse with Mrs. Trendworth, but stammering more deplorably than ever, is little Mr. Barriston.

The afternoon wanes.

"In leafy coverts, thrills
Of bird songs waken, but the notes are few."

In the park, below, beyond, the tenantry feast and cheer. Through the brilliant parterres, across the close-clipped terraces, more stately and languid, appear the noble guests.

Diamond bright glitter the fountains' spray, redly flame the geraniums, star-like shines the jasmine, loud and clear and sweet the brazen music from across the lake, as out of Silverdale Castle come Lionel Ourson and his wife.

Browner, older, more sedate he looks, but most blissfully happy.

And Iva?

She does not wear her wedding robes. Those she will don for the grand ball tonight. She is all in the airiest, the daintiest, the foamiest of muslin gowns, and very fresh and sweet and girlish she looks.

Girlish? Well, more womanly than old, perhaps, in form, in dignity; but the face beneath that big, bewitching hat is youthful and lovely beyond the power of pen to express.

Mr. Vale rushes up to greet her.

"You lucky lad!" he cries, as he wrings Curzon's hand.

"Right, you are!" laughs Lionel, with a tender, downward look on the dear face beside him.

How fair it is, how glad, how proud, how radiant with dimples and smiles and blushes!

Ah, thank heaven for the joy that came at last!

And now their guests crowd around. Everywhere is the sheen of satin—the ripple of laughter.

The sun is setting before husband and wife find themselves a moment alone.

"Darling," Lionel whispers, "it is a happy world, after all, isn't it?"

Full of "serious sweetness," of beauty, of divine content, is the face lifted to his.

"Yes."

A silence. He breaks it.

"Are you thinking—of her?"

"Yes—but hush!" as he would have spoken, "I loved her!"

He bows quietly. Now and from henceforth he is reverently silent regarding the woman for whom is forever ended,

"All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing."

The Earl and Lilian!

They are calmly happy and very proud. For have they not one comfort, small but supreme.

What?

Surely you can guess! Something sturdy and sweet, pink as a rose, bright as a star, brimful of love, of joy, of laughter—at once a torment a tyrant and a treasure!

[THE END.]

CHARCOAL.

This is a very useful substance. Water is filtered through it, not only to remove mechanically suspended matters, but also to free it of the sulphuretted hydrogen sometimes developed.

The insides of casks are often charred, so as to reduce the lining to a kind of charcoal that will keep the liquor sweet and good, and in toast and water we see yet another example; the surface of the bread having been converted into charcoal, purifies the water, rendering it palatable, and at the same time preventing its contamination by the impurities of a sickroom.

For all such cases as those mentioned, the charcoal should be heated to redness in a covered vessel prior to being used, in order to drive off the moisture it has attracted from exposure to the air.

This power of absorption is not, however, confined to gases. Many liquid and solid substances that have been dissolved in water can be removed by it.

If we shake up a colored substance, say port wine, with powdered charcoal, and then filter the mixture, the wine will be found to have lost its color; the resulting liquid will be as limpid as water: the coloring matter has adhered to the grains of charcoal, from which it can be extracted by treatment with a weak alkaline liquid.

The filthiest and most putrid ditch water can in like manner be rendered perfectly clear, inodorous and insipid.

The decolorizing power of wood-charcoal is, however, very feeble in comparison with that possessed by animal charcoal, obtained by calcining bones, with which the sugar refiner takes the color out of his syrup, and the distiller deprives the rancid oils which contaminate his spirit of both their smell and taste.

We need not dwell on the value of charcoal as an ingredient of gunpowder, and will pass on to some of its other uses.

When burnt it produces just double the heat of an equal weight of wood, due to its being nearly pure carbon, and to the fact that much of the heat evolved in the combustion of wood is rendered latent in the steam and other vapors produced by the action of heat.

It possesses, however, the serious drawback of emitting those suffocating fumes of which we are too often reminded by the sad deaths resulting from burning it in a brasier in an unventilated apartment.

Mathematical instrument makers and engravers find charcoal of great service in polishing their brass and copper plates. The artist employs it for sketching in the preliminary outlines of his great picture. Combined with iron it produces steel. It supplies the most durable and useful black of the painter and varnish maker. The Anglo-Indian is dependent on it for the cooking of his food.

Being the most perfect, solid non-conductor of heat known, it is largely applied to the packing of refrigerators and for covering boilers to prevent the radiation of heat. It is an excellent conductor of electricity. The medical man employs it in various ways both internally and externally, chiefly that made from a light porous wood, such as the young shoots of willow and poplar: from its antiseptic and vital properties it is useful in many forms of fever; it is of service in dyspepsia, dysentery, etc., taken in the form of a biscuit, lozenge, capsule, pill or powder, it is good for indigestion and flatulency; mixed with bread or linseed it is a favorite poultice for ulcers.

It furnishes an excellent dentifrice, being sufficiently hard to remove the concretions from the teeth without injuring the enamel; while it neutralizes for the time any fetor arising from a carious tooth; and from its before-mentioned property of carrying down from solutions many coloring matters, it has been recommended for cases of poisoning by corrosive sublimate, arsenic, morphia, strychnine, etc.

One of its most remarkable features, which it possesses in common with other varieties of carbon, is its unchangeable solidity, being insensible to both fusion and evaporation, nor has any substance yet been found capable of reducing it to the liquid state.

It was anciently used to distinguish the boundaries of estates, as being supposed incorruptible when let deep into the ground and many pieces have been found entire in the the tombs of the Northern nations. Charcoal made of corn has been discovered probably as old as the days of Cæsar, so well preserved that the wheat may still be distinguished from the rye.

One little historical incident connected with this all-serviceable material, and we have done.

In the early part of this century charcoal gave its name to a certain secret political association that flourished in Italy during the French regime in Naples.

Its members sought refuge in the mountainous regions of the Abrussi, where they took the name Carbonari (charcoal burners), from the ordinary vocation of the inhabitants.

Napoleon III when a youth was a member of this society, which has been assigned as one of the causes which led to the Franco-Sardinian war against Austria.

TRAVELLING STONES.—Many have doubtless heard of the famous traveling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut and of an iron nature.

When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling towards a common centre, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest.

They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but a bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found.

They are from the size of a pea to six or seven inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic ore.

BURYING THE DEAD.—In Japan the dead are always buried with the heads toward the North and feet toward the South. A living Japanese will never sleep in that position. In sleeping-rooms of private houses, and of hotels even, a diagram of the points of the compass is pasted upon the ceiling for the benefit of timid guests.

MAGISTRATE: "Thirty days, uncle 'Rastus. It's disgraceful that an old man like you should get drunk! What would you think if you were to see me reeling along the street under the influence of liquor?"

Uncle 'Rastus: "I would think, 'yo honah, dat yo' was habbin' a mouty fine time, an' wifout no danger ob gettin' sent up for it."

Bric-a-Brac.

CHURCH CATS.—In Naples, a correspondent writes, there exists a race of cats who live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation, or sitting gravely before the altar during time of mass.

JAPANESE AUCTIONS.—Japanese auctions are conducted on a plan which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in Britain. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. When the bidding is over, the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

WEARING SETS OF EYES.—It is fallacy to suppose that people who wear cork legs and glass eyes are indifferent to their personal appearance. They are often vainer than ordinary individuals. A rich man—for instance, who is obliged to wear an artificial eye, will wear three different eyes every day—an eye for morning, when the pupil is not very large; an eye for afternoon when the pupil is smaller; an eye for evening, when the pupil has expanded to its full size.

DARK SKIN.—A scientist has discovered the advantage of a dark skin as a veil against the heat in hot climates. The carbon layer in the skin of the negro, being opaque, like other forms of carbon, must form an effectual veil, and thus protect that most important organ below the true skin, a bodily envelope or tissue presenting a vast surface of circulating blood, which is certainly subject to brilliant illumination when only protected from sunlight by the thin translucent cuticle.

BLUE BLOODED.—After the Moors were driven out of Spain, the aristocracy of that country was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest. These people were whiter than those who had been mixed with Moorish blood; the veins upon their white hands were blue, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion, showed black upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of the old race came to declare that their blood was blue, while that of the common people was black.

ABOUT THE LETTER "M."—One of the curious facts not generally known relates to the letter "M," which is, in almost all the languages known, Greek, Hebrew, French, Latin, Chinese and others, to be found in the word which stands for mother and for nurse. Perhaps this comes from the fact that it represents a sound existing in nearly every spoken speech, and has the same pronunciation in them all; and, being exceedingly easy to utter, almost speaking itself as it were, it is one of the first sounds that children make, and naturally enters into the spontaneous appellation given to the nursing parent in the first cries of recognition and affection.

AHA!—All orders to native servants in India must be literally given, for in that manner they will be received. A missionary once took a country lad as a servant when going out on a boating journey. As there are no lavatories on board the country boats, one's ablutions have to be performed performed in very simple manner, an ordinary bucket serving as a wash-bowl. The boy was told to bring some water, and in doing so, happened to spill a little on the floor. "Why don't you throw it all over me?" asked the missionary jocosely. "Aha!" said the lad, and immediately, to his master's astonishment, took up the pail and emptied it over his employer's head.

THE QUEEN'S PET DOG.—The Queen's pet dog is a Yorkshire terrier that weighs two and three-fourth pounds, and cost $75. She saw the dog a good many times before it was purchased. It was the property of Ravenscroft, of St. Martin's Lane; but as other dealers had heard that the Queen was looking for a pet, they would go to Ravenscroft and say, "I think I have a chance to sell that dog. Lend me him a few hours." This occurred several times, till application was made to Ravenscroft himself. He, too, brought out the inevitable Yorkshire terrier. "Why, I have seen this dog several times before," exclaimed Her Majesty. The reason was explained to her, and she became the possessor of the smallest dog in the market.

"How can Lucille marry that old fossil, Closefist? What if he is rich?" says Belinda. "Do you know that he has heart disease so badly that the slightest shock may prove fatal?" "Ah, indeed!" "Yes, and Lucille thinks she can shock him."

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

BY RITA.

We sit together to finish our tasks,
But brush and needle pause oft and long;
And work speeds slow, but love speeds fast,
Till twilight finds us and weaves a song
Of love looks that hither and thither beam:
"Kisses—kisses—
Now's nothing to do but to kiss and to dream."

One sitteth alone in the coming day,
And the picture, still waiting, is never done;
For the hand that, work-hallowed, gay love traced there,
The higher guerdon of rest hath won.
Dawn creepeth and joineth his dreams of fate:
"Weeping—weeping—
Now's nothing to do but to weep and to wait."

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HE STOOD with folded hands and downcast eyes, the image of meek self-sacrifice, of reverential respect; but his acute brain was hard at work. He did not want to make a second mistake by prematurely declaring himself to Norah as he had done to the earl. And yet here was such a chance of breaking it to her, of forcing the old man, so to speak, to help him!

"Will you give me your promise that what I may say to you shall not make you angry with me?" he asked in a low voice.

Norah looked to him with unfeigned surprise.

"I do not think you would say anything that should make me angry, Mr. Berton," she said quietly.

He drew a long breath as if he had come to a determination.

"Then I will tell you. I have your promise, remember, Lady Norah! You ask me if I can interpret the expression which the earl's face wears when he looks from you to me. The answer bears reference—close reference to you."

"To me?" said Norah mechanically.

She was beginning to feel as the bird feels when it hears the rustle of the destroying serpent and feels its glittering eye turned upon it; a strange fascination that was a loathing and an attraction which she could not resist.

"Yes," he said, looking at her from under his eyes. "Will you carry your mind back to the night of the earl's seizure?"

Norah inclined her head slightly.

"You will remember that I came in late and went to the earl in the library. I went to consult him about some business matter, but I found him strangely averse to discussing it. He seemed to have something on his mind. I have no doubt that the presentiment of his coming illness was upon him, and it was only natural that he should be dwelling upon the subject nearest his heart—yourself."

Norah's hand went forth and found the earl's and held it.

"He spoke of you, Lady Norah, of the joy and comfort your presence brought him, and then—" he paused and hesitated, but it was took late to draw back, and with a covert glance at her he went on, smoothly, softly, "and then he spoke of myself."

He waited to see if she would speak, but Norah remained silent.

"The earl and I have been such close friends for so long, Lady Norah, and he was quick to notice any change in the demeanor of those about him, that it was not surprising he should remark an alteration in my manner, though I have tried to hide it from him, from all. That night he asked me what it was that weighed upon my mind. I tried to evade the question, but he had discovered the truth, and he frankly charged me with it. Can you not guess its nature, Lady Norah?"

Norah shook her head.

"He had been watching me, it seems, and had caught a glimpse of my heart, though I thought that I had succeeded in hiding it. Lady Norah, the earl, your father, asked me as bluntly as his courtesy would permit, if the change he had observed in me had any reference to you—and I admitted it. I told him the truth. I confessed that I loved you, Lady Norah!"

Norah's hand closed tightly on the earl's, and a shudder shook her. She could not have spoken to save her life, but simply sat, her eyes fixed upon him with wild incredulity and amazement.

He moistened his lips.

"The confession was wrung from me; I could not have kept it back; but even as I made it I felt how hopeless was the love which I had fought against and had fondly trusted I had hidden from everyone. I knew—I have never forgotten—the difference in our positions. I realize it now, this moment, as keenly as I have ever done. But there is no gulf too wide for love to bridge. I had set my heart upon one as far above me as the stars in heavens. But though one may despair of ever reaching the stars, one may love them and look up to them with longing eyes. You have been my star, Lady Norah, and I have worshipped, I worship you still."

He paused, but she did not speak. His words made a horrible, almost meaningless, discord in her ears. She thought that she was asleep and haunted by some dreadful dream. She could not speak, even though she felt a wild desire to cry "Silence!"

"That was my confession, Lady Norah," he went on almost inaudibly, but still watching her covertly, "and I expected to hear from the lips of the earl a denunciation of my audacity and—a dismissal. I waited patiently, as a criminal waits for the sentence which will consign him to life-long misery. But it was not pronounced. The earl was not surprised. Remember that he had discovered my secret and read my heart. He was not surprised and—he was not angry. Heaven knows how much above my deserts he esteems me! So much that, in place of condemnation and rebuke, he spoke—Heaven bless him!" he looked gratefully towards the wan, drawn face lying back on the pillows—"he spoke words of comfort and encouragement. Ah, Lady Norah, none but I and those dear to him can ever fully appreciate the nobility of his nature. It was I who shrank with unfeigned humility from confessing my love; it was he, the noble father, who, consenting to forget the difference in our rank, bade me hope."

Norah's gaze grew more full of horror.

"Even more than that," he went on after a pause, "he was good enough to tell me, with all the frankness of a father, that he had seen my love for you and that he would not only give his consent to my suit, but his countenance and generous approval! Lady Norah, it is with the sanction of your father, who with the knowledge that I have his best wishes, that I kneel at your feet and avow my love!" and he dropped on one knee and held out his hand to her almost in the attitude of worship.

It was not altogether acting; the signs of his emotion were visible in his white face and quivering lips, and his voice rang with the passion which possessed him.

Norah shrank back, still holding the earl's hand and essayed to speak; but though her lips opened, no word would come.

"I—I have surprised you, alarmed you?" he murmured. "I should have prepared you, and yet—ah, Lady Norah, surely you cannot have been blind to the love I bear you. During all these months you must have seen how completely and entirely I have been your slave. There is no hour in which I have not thought of you; no moment in which I have not striven to find some way of proving myself less unworthy of you. Yes, though I have tried to crush the love out of my heart, and have told myself that there could be no hope, no gleam of hope for me, I could not succeed. Such love as I bear for you cannot be crushed; it is the life of a man's life; it abides with him unto death. I could no more help loving you than I could help breathing. Think, then, with what joy I heard that noble-hearted man tell me that I might plead with you, might lay my love and my life at your feet, and, if I could, win you for my wife! Lady Norah, it is not only I who speak and implore you to say 'Yes,' but the father who loves you and whom you love."

He stopped, trembling and white, and raised his eyes to her face with a look of terrible suspense and anxiety.

Norah woke from the nightmare that seemed to hold her in its grip, and her eyes flashed.

"It—it is false!" broke from her lips.

He cast a look of tender reproach at her.

"You doubt me! You disbelieve!" he murmured sorrowfully.

"You say that—that my father sanctioned, consented——"

She panted, and could get no further. It was too horrible to be believed, and she felt instinctively, with a conviction which nothing could shake, that he had lied.

"More than sanctioned," he said softly, pleadingly. "Must I tell you all? You force me. Lady Norah, it has long been his wish that you should be my wife!"

Heaven above knows whether the stricken man, whose presence Guildford had disregarded as completely as if he had been already dead, heard and understood; but at that moment a sound like a faint moan broke from his shrivelled lips, and as Norah sprang up and turned to him with a cry, a shudder ran through Guildford Berton and his face blanched. But in a moment he had shaken off the dread which had seized upon him.

"You see, you hear!" he said with an audacity almost sublime. "Ah, if he could speak—and would to Heaven he could!—he would bear me witness."

It was a fiendish stroke, and its very audacity made it successful.

Norah looked into the earl's face, working with a piteous effort to regain the power of speech, and she accepted Guildford Berton's interpretation. With a low cry of despair and horror she flung herself down, and hid her face upon the old man's hands, and he looked across her at Guildford Berton, his face still working, but with vacant, expressionless eyes.

Guildford Berton shrank back for a moment from that awful face; but he was desperate, and he forced himself to draw nearer, and even lay his hand softly upon Norah's arm.

"Norah," he murmured, "for Heaven's sake, for his sake, do not—do not treat me like this! What have I done—what am I—that you should shrink from me?" He stopped suddenly and started, for a voice, audible to his own ears only, seemed to whisper in ghastly tones, "Murderer!"

With a shudder and a back glance he bent over her prostrate form.

"Norah, speak to me. Tell me that you forgive me, at least. Is it such an unpardonable crime to have loved you? Ah, how could I help it? I who lived in the sunshine of your presence——"

She raised her head and put out her hand, as if to keep him off.

"Go—go!" dropped from her lips.

It was only one word, but all her loathing and scorn seemed compressed into it.

"You—you will not hear me!" he said hoarsely.

"I—I have heard you," she said almost inaudibly.

"If—if he could speak!" he murmured sorrowfully, reproachfully.

She turned to her father and caught at his arm, as if imploring him to recall his consent or deny it.

"Why should you hate me so?" he demanded, standing upright and looking at her from under his lowered lids. "Is it—is it because I have come too late, because there is another?"

Norah rose and stood before him, a sudden light flashing in her eyes.

"You shall not speak another word to me!" she said with parted lips, her breath coming fast and furiously, her hands clenched tightly. "Even—even if all you said be true, it would make no difference. Take my answer, Mr. Berton. I"—she caught her breath and spoke slowly, with a hauteur he had never seen her exhibit before—"I cannot marry you; and now, will you go, please?"

He bit his lip till the blood came, and looked at her with more of hate than love in his eyes.

"Is that the last word between us?" he said, "You choose to disregard his wish, you fling my love in my face! Do you think that I am the man to take such a dismissal quietly, patiently? You little know——"

He pulled himself up, and bent towards her imploringly. "Ah, forgive me; I don't know what I am saying. My heart is torn and rent by your coldness, your disdain. Have pity on me, Norah——"

She moved forward slowly, painfully as it seemed, and her hand went towards the bell.

"Stay!" he said abruptly, "I will go. But, for God's sake, have some mercy! Do not let us part like—like this. If I cannot be what I would to you, at least do not take your friendship from me." His voice grew cooler and more composed. "Remember how much I suffer by your rejection, Lady Norah, and—and let that plead for me. I have spoken wildly—madly; forget what I have said, and—and—let things be as they were between us."

Her hand dropped from the bell, and cringingly, like a whipped dog, he tried to take her hand to lift it to his lips, but Norah shrank back beyond his reach and pointed to the door.

"I—I will try and forget, for his sake," she said with difficulty; "but go!"

Then, as he left the room, she fell forward, her head bowed upon her hands, and one word broke from her lips—

"Cyril!"

It was a cry for his protection and help, and it is a pity that it could not have reached to the desolate shore where Cyril sat painting and thinking of his lost love.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A QUARTER of an hour later Guildford Berton was walking towards his cottage. He was burning hot, as if with fever, and he took off his hat and let the cold evening air blow upon his parched forehead.

The love of a bad man, we are told by one of those philosophers who seem to know everything, is very near akin to hate, and at that moment Guildford Berton was not quite sure whether he loved or hated Norah most.

But he meant to make her his wife as firmly and fixedly as he had ever meant it.

He could scarcely say that he was surprised or disappointed by her refusal. He had not gone so far as to hope that she would accept him, and it was something that he had, so to speak, broken the ground.

"She knows now that I love her," he muttered, as he walked along with feverish steps and restless eyes. "She will grow accustomed to the knowledge presently, and—and in time will discover that it is useless to fight against it. It is a question of will, and mine is stronger than hers. If I had only kept my temper more under control! But that look on her face and that 'Go!' It was worse"—he wiped his forehead and laughed a ghastly laugh—"it was worse than the old man's on the night he was taken ill. I wonder if he heard and understood what we were saying?" and he laughed again. "If he did, I have had my revenge already. But I must be careful. My luck has stood by me up till lately, up to the night I showed the old fool my hand. Is it going to turn?"

As he asked himself the question he reached the gate in the wall, and took out his key.

He had not deemed it necessary to acquaint the old woman of his intended return, and as he opened the door and entered the silent and gloomy house she came out with a lamp in her hand, and eyed him with dull and stolid surprise.

"Is it all right?" he motioned on his fingers.

"Yes," she signed.

"And no one has been?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "no one."

He nodded and signed to her that she could go to bed, and then taking the lamp from her went into the small sitting-room.

He had no sooner done so than back flashed upon his mind the remembrance of —Becca South!

He had been so engrossed of late by his pursuit of Norah that he had almost forgotten that other awful thing which had haunted him, but now here it was back again in all its potent horror.

He set the lamp upon the table and looked round the room with a shiver. It struck cold and damp, and it was full of the terrible scene of the night of his crime. He buttoned his coat across his chest, and going to the sideboard got out some brandy and mixed himself a drink, but even the powerful spirit could not dispel the chill which had so swiftly taken the place of the feverish heat in which he had left the Court, and he struck a match and lit the fire ready laid in the small and poky grate. But the wood was damp, and the grate would not draw, and presently the tiny sullen flame died out.

He knew that if he went to bed cold and chilled he should not sleep, and he lit the lantern to light him to the woodshed.

But when he reached the garden he turned to the left instead of the right where the shed lay, and slowly went down the path to the heap of leaves.

Holding the lantern near the ground he peered at the heap keenly and shudderingly.

It was just as he had left it, and he seemed to remember the position of every stone and protuberance.

"It is all right," he muttered between his teeth, but did not go immediately. Instead he stood and stared down at it as if overcome by a sudden stupor.

Then with an oath he pulled himself together and resolutely turning his eyes away from the heap he went to the shed and got some wood.

When he got back to the house he felt in his pocket for his matchbox and found it, but suddenly missed his keys.

This staggered him, and he stood staring at the fire vacantly, then he forced a faint smile.

"I am a fool," he muttered. "I've left them in the gate."

With the lantern in his hand he went down the garden and found that, as he had thought, he had left the key attached to the bunch sticking in the keyhole of the wall door.

Cursing himself for his stupidity, he locked the door, and with the keys in his hand returned to the parlor.

The fire was burning up, and he drew his chair close and sat huddled over the blaze, and went over the scene with Norah. But every now and then there came a ghastly pause in his reflections, and in that pause the ghost of his crime stalked across his mind, and made the silence of the cold damp little room truly hideous.

He got some more brandy at intervals, and at last succeeded in producing the exhaustion which is the ghastly imitation of wholesome sleepiness.

Then he rose, and with a final drink went heavily upstairs.

But, exhausted as he was, he instinctively pulled aside the blind and stared through the window at the heap in the garden, just as he used to do before he left for London; but the night was too dark for him to see anything, and with an oath he dropped the blind and began to undress.

"Curse the place and everything in it!" he muttered as he got into bed. "I wish it were burnt down."

Then he succeeded in distracting his mind from the one haunting fear, and forced himself to think of Norah, and so fell into an uneasy, restless doze. He had not been asleep more than an hour when he woke suddenly with the dim consciousness that he had been awakened by some kind of noise.

He sat up and listened, and for a time all was silent, and he was about to throw himself back when he heard a faint noise, which seemed to come from the room beneath, the room in which Becca had—died.

The cold sweat gathered upon his face, and he sat shivering and quaking, with his ears strained painfully, trying to persuade himself that it was only fancy.

But as he listened with an agonised acuteness he distinctly heard the noise again. It was the sound of footsteps, muffled and cautious, of someone moving in the room below.

He got out of bed, and slipping on some clothes stole to the door. Then he smiled a ghastly smile of reassurance; the noise no doubt was made by the old woman, who was paying a visit to the sideboard on the chance of his having left the brandy decanter not locked up.

"I'll give the hag a fright," he muttered, and he went to a drawer and took out an old fashioned pistol, and loading it with a blank charge crept with it in his hand to the head of the stairs.

All was silent again now, but he knew that he had heard the noise and not merely dreamt that he had done so, and slowly and cautiously he descended the stairs.

Although he was prepared for it, the sight of a thin streak of light coming through the partly open doorway of the sitting-room gave him a start, and with a stifled oath he moved, forward on tip-toe; and softly pushed the door more widely open, and peered round it.

Then he fell back and clutched the pistol tightly, for it was not the bent decrepit figure of the old woman he saw within the room, but that of a man.

Now, Guildford Berton was not altogether a coward, and the shock to his overstrained nerves, weakened by the copious draughts of spirit, could not be set down entirely to fear.

After a moment or two he collected himself, and peered round the door again, and this time the start that followed was one of recognition.

A man was kneeling beside the table prising open a desk with a clasp knife, and by the light which fell from an ordinary candle stuck into a piece of wood Guildford Berton saw that the thief was the man with the rugged face and bushy eyebrows who had lain on the bench outside the inn on the day he had been making inquiries into Becca South's disappearance.

Guildford Berton drew back and pondered, clutching the pistol hard and fast, and holding his breath.

That the man was a thief or an ordinary housebreaker he had no doubt, but he was puzzled to account for his presence there. No burglar worthy of his salt, he thought, would break into so mean and unpromising a place as the cottage, unless he were sure of finding valuables, and it was not likely that any burglar would imagine that a sensible man would trust his money or jewels to a crazy old desk.

Why had he broken into the cottage tonight of all nights—the night of the owner's return—when he might have done so during that owner's absence?

He could find no solution to the enigma. Suddenly the suspicion swept over him like a breath of ice that the man had come to find out something about—about Becca South, and the sweat broke out upon his forehead.

But he thrust the suspicion from him. Even if he had done so he would not have taken the trouble to break open a desk. What was there in it? He tried to think, but could remember nothing but some papers, of no importance, referring to business of the estate, which he had flung in carelessly from time to time. There was absolutely nothing there which could repay any burglar, however hard up, for his trouble.

By this time—a period of only a few minutes had elapsed—the man Furlong, for it was he, had opened the desk, and was turning over the contents. They were, as has been stated, papers of no interest to anyone, least of all to a stranger, but suddenly Guildford Berton saw the man start, and catching up something—a piece of cardboard it looked like—hold it near the candle.

Whatever it was he seemed absorbed in it, and Berton seized the auspicious moment, and quietly slid round the door and presented the pistol at the man's head.

"Move a step and I fire," he said.

The man raised his head and did not move, but his hand slid into the pocket of his coat and remained there as he said quietly and slowly—

"Don't fire, Mr. Berton. I've got you covered by a revolver in my pocket, and I'm a dead shot."

The next instant he had whipped out a revolver and presented it at Guildford Berton.

"Now," he said deliberately as before, "we are on all fours, and I fancy my weapon is rather a better one than that horse affair of yours. Shake your finger on the trigger, and you are a dead man."

Guildford Berton lowered the pistol, and confronted his adversary with a white face.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, not loudly, but in a suppressed voice.

Mr. Furlong kept his revolver pointed with deadly precision.

"Put that thing down," he said, "and keep quiet, and I'll tell you."

Almost mechanically the pistol was laid on the table.

Still keeping the revolver pointed, Furlong took up the pistol and thrust it into his pocket, then he laid his revolver on the table within reach of his hand and looked at Guildford Berton steadily.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE two men faced each other, Guildford Berton quivering with rage intensified by its impotence, the man Furlong calm and coolly watchful.

Guildford would have liked to spring upon him, but there was something in the eyes shining from under the bushy brows which warned him that at his first movement its owner would without hesitation put a bullet into him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, finding his voice at last.

Furlong smiled grimly and nodded to the desk.

"That's rather an unnecessary question, isn't it?" he said coolly. "I was looking for—curiosities when you came in and interrupted me."

Guildford Berton's face grew red with wrath.

"You are an impudent scoundrel!" he said, "and if you think because I am unarmed that you will get off scot free you are mistaken."

Furlong eyed him with an almost scornful amusement.

"Tall talk won't count for much, seeing how matters are fixed between us," he said quietly. "It's waste of time to threaten me, Mr. Berton. Come, you're a sensible man; just face the music and take things easy. Just try and think I'm a friendly visitor dropped in unexpectedly; it's rather late, it's true——"

Berton pointed to the door.

"Take yourself off!" he exclaimed sternly.

"That you may follow me and raise a hullabaloo?" remarked the man. "Not exactly."

"If you think I am going to permit you to escape, you are mistaken," retorted the other. "Whether you go now, or wait till daylight and are taken here, red handed, will make little difference; you appear to have forgotten that, notwithstanding your cool impudence, I have got you as surely as if you were already in the hands of the police. I know you: before you can get out of reach the police shall have an exact description of you and—I think the tables will be turned, my friend."

The other eyed him thoughtfully.

"After all, you've got some pluck," he said quietly. "You're a braver man than I took you to be, Mr. Berton. Many a man in my position would take you at your word, and, remembering that dead men tell no tales, would put it out of your power to supply the police with a description," and he glanced meaningly at the revolver. "But I don't think we need waste time in bullying each other. After all, there's not much harm done."

Guildford Berton's rage boiled over.

"What! I find you here, having broken into my house——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Furlong. "Let's have it right and square. In the first place you're wrong. I didn't break into your house. I found the little gate in the high wall open, and I just stepped in."

Berton remembered the forgotten keys, and bit his lip.

"And being in, lost no time in breaking into my property. I'm afraid your excuse won't weigh much with the judge and jury when you are tried for burglary, which you will be, you scoundrel."

"I daresay it wouldn't," assented Furlong. "But I'm not being tried yet. Look here, hadn't we better get comfortable? You don't ask me to take seat, so I'll help myself, and if you'll take my advice you'll follow my example."

As he spoke he dropped into the armchair, and in a leisurely fashion took out his pipe and pouch.

The master of the cottage glanced towards the door. Should he make a rush for it and endeavor to reach the garden and raise an alarm? He was sorely tempted, but he saw that the revolver was lying within reach of the man's hand, and felt that the glittering eye was watching him in catlike fashion, and stood still.

"May I trouble you for a light?" asked Furlong blandly. "No? Well——"

He craned forward and lit his pipe at the lantern. "Now, then, Mr. Berton, I'm ready to hear anything and everything you've got to say. Chin-music is not much in my line, but I'll allow that you feel anxious to abuse me, and I don't like disappointing you. Just blow off the steam with some of the hardest words you know."

Guildford Berton caught up a chair with a strong impulse to fling it at the man's head, but instead he planted it in front of the door and sat down in it.

"You'll find this the worst night's work you ever did, my friend," he said between his teeth. "I gave you a chance—a poor one—of escaping just now, and you refused it. Now I tell you that you will not leave this room until the police take you, unless you pass over my dead body."

Furlong laughed grimly.

"Very nicely put!" he said. "Why, my dear sir, I could lift you up, chair and all, and pitch you out of that window there, and you know it. But I shan't have to do that, I think—that is, if you are a sensible man. Now, Mr. Berton, I suppose you think that we are to sit here until someone comes who can raise an alarm and fetch the police, and that you will have me arrested?"

Berton shut his lips tightly and folded his arms.

"Just so. I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed. First of all let me explain matters. Oh, you needn't sneer; it doesn't give any additional beauty to that handsome face of yours. I'm going to tell you the truth, as you'll find if you listen attentively. What I told you just now, for instance, was the truth. I found that door of yours unlocked, and I couldn't resist the temptation of strolling in. You see, I've passed it so often and looked at it so hard, every time asking myself why a young man should choose to live in that gloomy hole, that my curiosity—and it's my weak point, I'll admit—got the better of me. So I stepped in and waited in the opposite room—I followed you so closely that if you'd turned you seen me, by George!—and, being in, I amused myself with watching you——"

Guildford Berton succeeded in suppressing any outward sign of the start the man's words gave him.

"I'd half an idea that you were a—well, a coiner. I beg your pardon, I had, indeed. But I couldn't see any trace of the work about—and I know it when I see it—and so I concluded you were just a crank, that you'd got a mental twist somewhere that caused you to take to such a grim, forsaken hole as this. Then I thought that I'd wait until you'd gone to bed and clear out. But I happened to look in here, and the desk lay handy, and it occurred to me that I might find something in it that might help me to understand your peculiar character."

A sneer that was half a scowl crossed Berton's face

"Ah, you don't believe, I see," remarked the man apparently not at all offended, "But, strange to say, it's the truth. The fact is, amongst the many trades I've tried my hand at, I've done a bit of the detective. That was in New York. I didn't stick to it long; but that kind of work leaves a mark behind. You can't lose the habit of trying to satisfy your curiosity. And you raised mine, you did; indeed, Mr. Berton."

Guildford Berton smiled furiously.

"You impudent—but go on, my friend; your time is growing short."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Furlong. "You think you'll have me arrested, but you won't, and I'll tell you why. Because you and I are tarred with the same brush. We're both curious men. Of the two of us, I should say, you're more curious than I am, but you're too cautious to follow a man into his house and examine his desk, eh?" and he laughed.

"Now you wonder what I'm driving at. Wait a bit; I'm coming to it. I didn't find much in this old desk of yours to enlighten me about the little game you're playing; but I did find something that gave me a start,"—he stretched out his hand and let it fall upon the photograph of Catherine Hays—"and this is it."

The other glanced at the photograph with an incredulous sneer.

"No," said Mr. Furlong, "it is not a plant, and I'm not going to palm off a pack of lies on you. But I tell you what I am going to do. I am going to make a bargain with you. Wait. Better not cut it yet awhile, for it strikes me that when you've heard what I've got to say you'll be sorry for cutting up rough. Now, Mr. Berton, don't think me impertinent if I ask you a question. Is it a fact that you want to marry the beautiful young lady up at the Court there?"

Guildford Berton started, and the color rushed to his face, but he remained silent.

"Silence gives consent," resumed Furlong, puffing at his pipe. "I've seen a great many of the fair sex in both hemispheres, and I say"—he struck the table with his powerful fist—"that that young lady towers above them all as—as—a palm towers above a lilac bush! Why, sir, if I were as young and good-looking as you are, I should be as much in love with her as you are. From all I hear there isn't a young man within twenty miles who wouldn't give all he's worth, and ten years of his life to boot, to lead her to the altar."

Guildford Berton rose as if unable to control himself, but Furlong coolly waved his hand to him.

"Sit down, Mr. Berton. I meant no offence. I wouldn't speak a disrespectful word of her—aye, and what's more, I'd knock any man that offered to do so in my presence. Sit down and keep your temper. You'll want all your wits presently."

There was something, a subtle significance in his tone, which carried weight, and Guildford Berton sank into the chair again.

"That's right," remarked Mr. Furlong approvingly. "And now about this bargain I spoke of. Suppose, Mr. Berton, I possess some information which would help you in your suit with that young lady. Suppose I could tell you something, a secret worth its weight in gold to you, something that would make your way straight and plain, and ensure your getting that young lady for your wife—what would you say?" and he leant forward and looked him straight between the eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RED NOSES.—An eminent physician writes for the benefit of persons afflicted with red noses: "If the red nose arise from scrofulous taint, then abstain, by all means, from bacon, ham, pork, salted meats, and all thigh foods. If accompanied by stuffing or soreness of the nostrils, with liability to swelling occasionally, then wash the parts about the nose or the face as a whole with warm, and not cold, water. Avoid 'picking' the nostrils. Snuff up warm water, and gently blow it out. A little thick cream or fresh spermaceti ointment gently applied will protect the exposed irritated surfaces. Cold in the head aggravates the ailment. To prevent this, wear a head-dress or hat of porous material—not too thin—such as merino or alpaca. If the redness proceed from tightness of clothing or weak action of the heart, then wear loose clothes, and take plenty of rest. Wash the body on rising with cold water and soap, using a flesh brush vigorously, and rub well dry till a glow is produced; also breathe pure air day and night."

A London woman's club has developed as far as a motion by one of its members to provide a separate room for smokers, and also a billiard-room.

MY THOUGHTS ARE WITH THEE.

BY T. CARBERRY.

My thoughts are with thee still love,
My thoughts are still with thee;
My thoughts are with thee still love,
Beyond the deep blue sea.

My thoughts are still of thee love,
Beyond the ocean's tide,
The very same as long ago
When thou wert by my side.

No fond friends have you now love,
Your weal or woe to share,
To smooth thy ruffled brow love
When overpressed with care.

A lovely life is thine love,
Beyond the deep blue sea,
And so alas is mine love,
So far away from thee.

Though many a mile divide us
And many a wave of blue;
My thoughts are still with you love,
My thoughts are still with you.

Queer Dream.

BY A. C. S.

SENDALL CRESCENT consists of a monotonous row of houses on the outskirts of Kentish Town. It lies back from the noisy thoroughfare, and has all the dreariness of a typical surburban street. The houses are occupied mostly by clerks and their families, or by the more prosperous tradesfolk of the neighborhood.

Not many years ago, No. 26 was a lodging house, and its near neighbor, 27, was tenanted by an old gentleman and his housekeeper. He was stout and cherry looking, with a fresh, florid complexion, which belied his nationality; for Russia, that land of sallow skins, claimed him as her own.

He was a prosperous city merchant, and the wonder was that he should live in such a dreary, shabby genteel locality as Sendall Crescent. But he had taken up his abode there twenty odd years before; at a time when the Crescent had not gone down in the world, but was distinctly "select," and would have indignantly resented a bill in a window or a brass plate on a door.

Those halcyon days were long past; still the Russian merchant clung to the dingy street to which, as a young man, he had brought his bride, and from which, not very long afterwards, she had been carried to her grave.

Between the servant at 27 and the lodging house keeper of 26 a gossiping acquaintance existed. And when Mrs. Loftie secured an occupant for her second floor front bed-room, she did not fail to inform Maria, next door, of the vagaries of the new lodger.

For twenty-five years the good woman had let apartments; yet of all the inmates who had come and departed in that time, none acted so strangely as the latest—Mr. Evans.

In the first place, his appearance was peculiar, and a long, livid scar across his face gave him a frightful and ghastly look. On taking the room he had stipulated that no one should enter it during his tenancy; he would make his own bed; his breakfast was to be left on a tray outside his door. As to broom and duster, they apparently entered not into the lodger's calculations. All this was abhorrent to the housewifely soul of Mrs. Loftie, and when the stranger made his extraordinary request, she, at first, declined to let the room to him. The whole affair was so suspicious, especially as he gave no references.

But he said he was a stranger in London, that he was studying hard for an examination, and required perfect quiet and freedom from intrusion. Finally he offered to pay in advance.

Mrs. Loftie was a poor woman. Her life was one long struggle to keep the wolf from the door. She could not resist the crisp crackle of the bank note that the stranger held out; so he entered on his tenancy.

All day he kept indoors, studying, presumably; but when dusk fell he went out. Sometimes on these nocturnal rambles he carried a small leather bag, such as barristers use to hold their briefs. In short, his whole life was peculiar, and in any smaller place than London would have attracted the suspicious attention of those around him.

But here, in this quiet corner of the great, bustling capital, he passed unheeded. Even Mrs. Loftie, after the first week or two, ceased to wonder at, or think very much of her unconventional lodger.

It was dark November when he came. It wanted but three days to Christmas, when an event occurred which shook the quiet neighborhood to its very core.

On the 22nd of December, a bitterly cold and snowy morning, the servant of No. 27 knocked long and loudly at the lodging house door. Mrs. Loftie hurried down stairs. She had been up with the "second floor's" breakfast tray, and when she saw the white-faced, trembling woman who stood outside, ankle deep in the fresh-fallen snow, she started back in surprise. Something awful must have happened to banish the permanent roses from Maria's fat cheeks, and to make her dumpy, sturdy limbs tremble.

"Come to our house this moment!" cried the terrified housekeeper, clutching fearfully at the elder woman's gown. "My master is murdered!"

She half-led, half-dragged her companion into the next house, and up the stairs to the door of the merchant's bedroom. Mrs. Loftie trembled and held back as the servant opened the door and let a gleam of wintry sunshine into the darkened bedchamber. But Maria pushed her in and drew aside the curtains which hung around the cumbrous, old-fashioned bedstead.

There lay the Russian—dead! In his throat was a deep wound; his blood had dyed the white linen, on which he lay, a vivid crimson; and in his rigid hand was an open razor.

"Maria," said the lodging-house keeper, "this is not murder: it is suicide. See how he holds this!"

She touched the razor, round which the dead fingers had stiffened; then quickly drew her hand away and shuddered.

"There's no foul play here," she repeated in a frightened whisper. "He has done away with himself."

An inquest was held, and a verdict of suicide returned.

The position of the deceased, the absence of all trace of a murderer, the devotion and grief of the housekeeper, which placed her above suspicion—all pointed to self-destruction. Yet no motive could be found. The deceased was a wealthy man of sixty or so; had no known worries, either business or domestic; had, so far as those about him could say, not an enemy in the the world. Yet he had voluntarily cut himself free of life.

It was a strange affair, enveloped in doubt and mystery. But that it was a case of suicide no one entertained a doubt. He had gone to bed on the night of the twenty-first; had locked himself in his bedroom, which communicated with no other room; and in the morning was found in his bed with wounds that might have self-inflicted; and tightly held in his dead hand was his own razor, wet with blood.

Obvious suicide every one said; a strange, a terrible affair, truly. Still in this great London of ours there are so many crimes, so many mysteries, that this one was little more than a nine day's wonder.

And after a time, the dead man's son came to live at No. 27. He carried on his father's business now—he had been managing the Liverpool branch at the time of the tragedy—and he settled down with apparent composure in the dreary house at Sendall Crescent.

He was a sallow, dried-up-looking business man, with not a spark of imagination in his nature. Yet one thing he did—he locked up his father's bed room, cumbrous four-poster and all, and slept at the back of the house.

Even his phlegmatic nature and nerves of steel would have been roused had he lain night after night in the room, in the great curtained bed, from which his father had passed unbidden to meet his Maker.

So the weeks went on, and the new year was fairly on its way. Mrs. Loftie had lost her mysterious lodger, and had secured in his place a young man who was the exact antithesis of his predecessor. Nothing peculiar about him.

He was just a commonplace young bank clerk, with nothing to distinguish him from hundreds of his companions—save his hobby. And that was occultism. Not conjuring, or mere vulgar spiritualism, but a dilettante study of, and belief in, the hidden forces of Nature.

Mr. Bentley, the new lodger, though free from the commonplace superstition which meets misfortune in the spilling of salt, or death in the chirp of a cricket, believed thoroughly in dreams, or visions, as he would have called them: in Fate and in the mysterious working of one person's destiny with another's.

With him the second epoch of the Sendall Crescent suicide commenced. It was the careless young bank clerk, with magic for his hobby, who turned an unexpected light on that dark mystery.

One night, as he lay in his room on the second floor, in the bed where the mysterious Mr. Evans had slept, he had a dream—a dream that was curiously life-like and vivid—that made him awake in affright and start nervously up to reassure himself, by gazing at the familiar furniture, that it really was a dream.

He thought often of this strange, realistic vision as he sat on his stool in the bank next day, mechanically adding long lines of figures into bewildering totals. He thought of it still more the day after, because the night had brought it for the second time. And, when it came a third time, Mr. Bentley decided to take some action in the matter. And his face was rather white when he went down to breakfast. The whole affair—the details of the dream: the suspicious recurrence of it—was so uncanny.

Mrs. Loftie noticed her lodger's unusual pallor when she brought in his morning tea and bacon; and, being what is known as a "motherly" person, she promptly inquired if anything was amiss.

Mr. Bentley decided to unbosom himself; it would be a relief to tell some one. Not that he thought, for one moment, that so practical and ordinary a person as his landlady could throw any light on the subject.

"The fact is, Mrs. Loftie, I have had an unpleasant dream."

"Ah," said the landlady, sympathetically, with a doleful shake of the head. "Nightmare. I know what that is."

"No," interrupted her lodger, "not nightmare; but a very strange dream, which has occurred three nights running. Sit down, and I will tell it you."

"Three times running! Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Loftie, as she took the proffered chair.

"The dream," began Mr. Bentley, was in two scenes. The first was a small and miserable room, in the middle of which was a table. A guttering candle stood on it, and threw a dim light over the room. Around sat seven men. They were talking and gesticulating. They seemed to be in angry conference.

"At last, one of them tore a piece of paper into seven slips, and one slip he marked with a cross. Then, fold the slips exactly alike, he threw them into a hat, and shook them thoroughly together. Then each one drew.

They were casting lots, and it fell to a tall youngish fellow. I remember his face distinctly, it was pale and thin, with a pair of brilliant, restless eyes, and a livid scar across here. Mr. Bentley drew his finger over his face, from his left eyebrow to the lobe of his ear.

Then he went on to the second scene.

"It was a larger and more cheerful room—a bed room, and the man with the scarred face was there. He pulled aside the bedstead, and I saw a great hole in the wall, large enough for a body to pass through. The room grew dark. Everything, for a moment was blurred and indistinct. Then it slowly became light again. I looked around me, the surroundings were different. Here the furniture was old-fashioned, and more valuable. The bedstead had four posts, and was hung with voluminous curtains and valances. A man lay on it asleep. I could not see his face, it was hidden in the clothes. But his arm was partly bare, and just above the elbow, was a circular red mark. I cannot describe it more exactly, but it was not a birth mark. It was like a tattoo or a brand. As I gazed at it, the valance of the bed fluttered, and, a moment after, the man with the scarred face crept out. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, and his shirt was dusty and tumbled, while the right sleeve was rolled up to the shoulder. Very cautiously he raised himself to his feet, paused a moment to gain his breath, and then, on tiptoe, went to the dressing table, on which lay a razor. He opened it, and ran his finger along the blade. He went back to the bed. At that moment the sleeper moaned, and turned in his sleep. He lay now on his back, with his neck bare, and his head thrown on one side. For the first time I saw his face, it was that of an old man. The intruder drew near to the bed, and held a razor close to the sleeper's throat. I rushed forward and seized his arm. My fingers closed around it. Immediately above them I saw a mark, red and circular, a fac-simile of that on the bare arm which lay across the bed. I loosed my hold. He bent still lower, and then—then he slew the sleeper. After this, placing the razor in the dead hand, he crept away; and I woke up, speechless with horror."

Mr. Bentley wheeled round suddenly, and faced the landlady. She had fainted!

"I helped Maria to lay him out, poor old gentleman, and he'd a mark on his right arm, just as you saw, sir!" Mrs. Loftie had recovered her consciousness now, and she spoke solemnly, and with emphasis.

"And the bedstead is a four poster with damask furniture."

"It certainly is very remarkable," said Mr. Bentley, slowly. He felt rather elated. He imagined the sensation which a paper on the affair by E. J. Bentley, Esq., would make in a theosophic organ.

"Which room did the old man die in?"

"Second floor front," rejoined Mrs. Loftie, promptly.

"The same as mine," cried her companion, excitedly; "and it was occupied before by——"

"Mr. Evans!" broke in the landlady, beginning to see the other's drift, and getting excited in her turn.

"Quite so, and he was the man in the vision. His face was thin and scarred; he was the murderer."

Moved by one impulse they hurried upstairs to the second floor bed room, and between them dragged the bedstead away from the wall. Then they saw that parts of it had been freshly papered.

Mrs. Loftie opened the door of a corner cupboard, and searched eagerly in it.

"It's gone," she said, at last; "a little roll of wall paper which I kept in here in case at any time we wanted a bit for a patch."

She grew white to the lips, and the next words she spoke were low and horrified; it is awful to feel that for months one has harbored, has been in daily contact with a murderer.

"Do you think he did it, sir?"

"Sure of it," said the bank clerk, decisively. "Look at that!" he pointed to the freshly-papered wall; "is not that convincing?"

In the evening he called on the dead man's son.

That astute and uninaginative person was at first inclined to "pooh pooh" the whole affair, and yielded to Bentley's request to examine his father's bed room with obvious unwillingness.

But when, by dint of strenuous dragging and tugging, they had pushed aside the heavy bedstead, his scepticism received a rude blow. On this wall, too, were signs of new work.

A great, jagged patch was unpapered, and the mortar was still soft. Mr. Bentley threw off his coat and began to tear down the wall. At the first touch the loosened bricks dropped out; and when he showed the rough hole which led into his own room at No. 27, he turned to the merchant triumphantly.

"Do you belief in the truth of my dream now?"

"Yes," returned the murdered man's son, and his face was gray and drawn; "I do; and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for pointing the way to the discovery of an atrocious crime. I'll track him!" he cried, vindictively, and shook his fist in the air. "He shall be hanged for this!"

"Try to be cool," said Bentley; "perhaps you can throw some light on the subject. You know the details of your father's life. Can you not supply a motive for the murder? Did he number this man among his acquaintances?"

But here the merchant failed to give a clue. All he could say was that his father came from Russia in his youth; that he had for years led the ordinary, humdrum life of an elderly man in easy circumstances; that he had few friends, and certainly no enemies.

Only one scrap of information seemed to throw a faint light on the mystery, though the dead man had never revisited the land of his birth, he had twice hinted at his possible and sudden return there; giving no reason for a step which would mean an entire uprooting of old and dear ties, for he had lived so long in England that it had become his real home. And he had nervously insisted on his son acquainting himself with small business details, so that, in the event of his being left in sole charge, he might not be found wanting.

After this the housekeeper was called up to corroborate Mrs. Loftie's story of the mark on her late master's arm, and this done, all sources of information were at an end.

The dead man's son was inclined to make light of the mark; as, indeed, he had done of the whole vision, till proof was given to him.

"The mark which both men had on the right arm is, to my mind, one of the principal points of the dream," said Bentley, earnestly. "I am a believer in the supernatural, and I am convinced that the fatality, or call it what you will, which has led me so far into the light, will lead me on to the end; and that, despite your present unbelief, you will some day admit that the coincidence of the marked arms is the key to the whole fearful mystery."

"Well," said the merchant, rather cyni-

cally, "we shall see." He was away from the gloomy room now; the tell-tale hole in the wall no longer confronted him. He was his usual unimaginative self again—a materialist to the core. "Meanwhile, to-morrow I go to Scotland Yard, and I think you will be brought to admit that my detectives beat your visions."

"Will you promise," asked the bank clerk, "not to move in the matter for three days? If at the end of that time you do not hear from me, try a more practical way of solution."

Two nights passed, and no further vision came to enlighten Bentley. On the evening of the second day, as he sat in his room smoking, he was turning the matter very earnestly over in his mind. He sat thinking and puzzling till the room grew dark, so that his brain was addled, when the lamp and his evening paper were brought in. He took up the latter with a certain feeling of relief, and a decision to trust to the chance of a dream clearing things for him, since his own brain had proved inefficient.

The paper had little else in it but startling disclosures concerning the latest Nihilistic conspiracy—an attempt to wreck the Imperial train. The journal to which Bentley lent his patronage was an enterprising one, and gave full details of the trial; may, even of the personal appearance of the prisoners.

There were ten of them, all sentenced to the mines; and of widely differing ranks in life. Two were women; one a delicate, tenderly-natured girl, almost a child; the other, an aged matron, through whose veins ran sturdy serf blood.

The rest were men of various ages, and a full description of each was given. Bentley ran his eye carelessly down the page till he came to the last name but one—Ivan Michnlaivetich, a man about thirty years of age, pale and thin, with prominent dark eyes.

"His face," the writer went on to say, "was rendered peculiarly conspicuous by a deep and livid scar, which ran from the eyebrow across the cheek to the left ear."

Then he threw the paper down and started from his chair.

All was clear now—clear as noonday.

The man next door had been a member of a secret society.

"Did I not say," soliloquised Bentley, hastily pacing the room—"did I not tell that sceptic next door that the coincidence of the marked arms was an important clue? And I was right. Murderer and murdered were members of the same band. In some way the old Russian must have been false to his vow. The deadly enemy tracked him down. His life paid the price of treachery.

"It's clear enough to me, continued the bank clerk; "but I will secure proof to convince other people."

He communicated with the head of the Russian police, and in a few days received a photograph of the supposed man—a photograph which Mrs. Loftie positively declared to be that of her mysterious lodger.

So the strange, the improbable, truth came out. Yes, improbable though it be, beneath the surface of that smoothly-prosaic life ran an undercurrent of conspiracy, of intrigue.

Forged, doubtless, in eager youth, regretted in cooler manhood, the chains had held him fast—till death!

He was dead! Killed by the so-called justice of that stern, fanatic band, which metes death to its traitors.

Not very long had he lain in his grave, yet already he was avenged.

Hundreds of miles away his murderer was even now plodding in chains his weary way towards Siberian snows.

DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT.

MANY important discoveries have been purely accidental. It is only natural that when scientists are making a variety of experiments they should, in a more or less haphazard way, hit upon inventions which bear some connection to the matters they have in mind. Of such kind, for instance, were the various discoveries which the vain search for the philosopher's stone unearthed.

The alchemist of the Middle Ages, who was forcibly persuaded that it was possible to make a compound which would transmute baser metals into gold, spared no pains in his endeavors to hit upon the formula for this miraculous substance. He mingled all the metals, salts, and acids with which he was acquainted, continually changing the proportions of each, and subjecting his mixture to every degree of heat that he could command.

It was not strange that the long-continued efforts of this kind which were made should lead to valuable discoveries in other directions than that towards which the patient workers so assiduously pressed.

Frequently they cast aside as worthless the secrets which were unfolded to them as they toiled over the crucible, but they usually made records of the results of their researches, and these enabled others to take up the broken threads, and follow out to a successful issue the inventions which had seemed of no importance to the men whose whole souls were fixed upon the unearthing of the philosopher's stone.

Lord Bacon spoke wisely when he compared these hard-working alchemists to the young men of the fable, whose father told them with his last breath that a great treasure lay hid in a certain field.

With frantic eagerness they seized their spades and dug and re dug the land which they believed concealed a store of gold and silver.

But all their careful search was fruitless. They could not discover any treasure. So they planted wheat on the ground which they had so thoroughly turned, and when harvest time came on, and they found that their crop was far better than that of any of their neighbors, they perceived that their father had spoken a parable to them. A treasure lay, in truth, under the surface of their field, but not of the kind for which they had so assiduously sought.

In the same way the alchemists turned over the field of chemical research, vainly endeavoring to find a treasure which had no existence, but hitting upon other treasures, which, but for their patient toil, might not have seen the light for generations to come.

The composition of gunpowder was discovered by Roger Bacon while he was engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone.

Botticher was seeking for the combination of earths and clays which would enable him to make the crucible most capable of resisting the great heat to which he intended to submit ingredients that he believed to contain the secret, when he hit upon the process from which the manufacture of porcelain had sprung.

Dr. Glauber discovered the valuable salts which to this day are called after him while laboring in the field of research; and Von Helmont was struggling after the selfsame will-o'-the-wisp when he succeeded in determining the nature of gas.

These were all accidental discoveries in the sense that those who made them were seeking for something quite different; but, as we have said, they were of a kind that might be to a certain extent expected. Other important inventions have resulted from the merest accidents.

Such was the discovery of the telescope, which, according to some chroniclers, was made by the children of a Dutch spectacle maker, while they were at play in their father's workshop.

Just three hundred years ago, Zachariah Jansen drove a flourishing trade in spectacles in the town of Middleburgh. As he was working one day, he heard an exclamation of surprise from his little girl, who, with her brother, had taken some of the glasses from his table to the far end of the room.

"Why, look," the little one said, "the church tower seems quite near!"

Jansen glanced up at her, and saw that she held two glasses in her chubby hands, one in front of the other, and was looking through both of them at the tower of the church which stood at the other end of the town. His slight knowledge of optics told him that there might be some valuable discovery in this simple exclamation of his child.

Hurrying to where she stood, he took the glasses away from her, and trying them himself, found that, as she said, the church tower seemed so close that he could distinctly see the shape of the weather-cock which surmounted it, though, as a rule, this was not apparant until more than half the distance which lay between his house and the church had been traversed.

He did not allow the matter to rest here, but procured some wooden tubes, and made experiments by fixing different kinds of glasses at various distances apart in them. The result of his labors was a rude kind of telescope of which he sold great numbers to people who were glad to buy such curiosities.

Other accounts say that another Dutch glass cutter named James Metius, and his brother between them, hit upon the telescope in the same kind of manner; but it is more pleasant to think that this important discovery was made by a couple of little children in their play.

Galileo, who was imprisoned for his effrontery in asserting that the earth went round, was led to apply the principle of the pendulum to a number of useful purposes by the motion of a lamp which swung to and fro during a service which he attended in an Italian cathedral.

It is to be feared that this philosopher allowed his discoveries to distract his attention from his prayers,

Chloroform, which has proved such an inestimable boon to thousands of sufferers, was discovered by chance. Dr. Simpson (who was afterwards knighted) set himself to find some anæsthetic to take the place of ether, which had gained a bad name owing to the fact that several deaths had occurred through careless use of it.

Other scientists joined him in his researches, and carefully analysed every substance which they thought was in the least likely to give the desired result.

One night the party were busily engaged in their self-imposed task. They had tested every substance which had been selected for experiment without anything approaching to a favorable issue, and were beginning to feel disheartened by their lack of success.

As one of them was poking about the laboratory to see if he could find anything else which might be put into the little testing glass with which each was provided, he happened upon a small bottle of a dark substance which was looked upon more as a curiosity than as possessing any useful properties.

With scarcely a thought of success, he poured a little of it into each of the tubes, and the members of the party began to inhale it. For a few moments they seemed seized with an unusual gladness, but soon they one after another fell to the ground, overcome by the powerful fumes. As they gradually came to again, they recognised that their search was over, and from that occasion dates the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic.

The rollers which are used to spread the ink with which newspapers and books are printed, are the outcome of an accident. In days gone by pelt balls were used for this purpose.

A Shropshire printer was once unable to lay his hands upon the pelt ball with which he wanted to ink the type. He was pressed for time, and caught up the first thing that seemed to him capable of serving the purposes of the missing pelt ball.

This happened to be a piece of glue, which had fallen from the glue pot, and which did the work so effectively that he mentioned his improvisation to his fellow workmen.

Experiments followed, and it was soon discovered that glue mixed with molasses to give it the requisite consistency, was the best possible article for this purpose.

A COLD-BLOODED GROOM.—"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No; we ne'r thocht o' that. Is't necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister; "you should have a groomsman and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jean, dae ye think?"

The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and, after consultation, a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' alang, Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jean set out as desired, and after some time returned with two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride. When the parties had been properly arranged and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just goan to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane," pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

NEIGHBORS.—It is well to find out slowly and by degrees what neighbors really are before you allow them to be intimate; one soon begins to see if they are desirable or the reverse, and no disagreeableness ensues if little by little you see less of them. There are very few neighbors, even if intimate friends, whom one cares to see every day; their society is apt to pall if one sees them too often. In fact, friendship with near neighbors, however nice and charming they may be, is best sustained by not too constant intercourse.

Scientific and Useful.

TREES.—No tree should be planted nearer to a house than its own length when fully grown. Sunshine should have access to a house at at times.

IVORY.—To bleach ivory quickly, treat with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen. Exposure to the sun while immersed in spirits of turpentine is said to be efficacious.

FINISH.—To make a hard oil-finish, take of linseed-oil one pint, rectified spirits four ounces, oil of turpentine half-pint, powdered resin one and a half [ounces, rose-pink half-ounce; mix.

CASTOR OIL.—Castor-oil is the best foundation for hair-oil. It is used in preparing textile fabrics for dying; it is admirable for dressing tanned hides; it is an excellent lamp-oil, and from it a very good gas can be distilled; it is very well adapted for lubricating fine machinery.

LAVENDER WATER.—Lavender water, a most useful adjunct to the toilet, is made by adding an ounce of the essential oil of lavender and two drachms of ambergris to a pint of proof spirit of wine. Place in a quart bottle, and shake the mixture long and well. It should not be used for a day or two.

TOUGH AS WOOD.—A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather, it is said, has been recently introduced on the Continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making boxes and combs, for roofing, and even for making boats.

BREATHING AND THE TEETH.—It may become necessary to add "Breath through the nose" to rules usually laid down for the preservation of the teeth. A British dentist has been struck with the frequency with which carious teeth are associated with nasal obstruction, and he believes that a relation exists between them. Mouth breathing, which in such cases is enforced, may act as a predisposing cause of caries of the teeth in various ways. Exposure to the cold air tends to cause inflammation of the tooth pulp, produces congestion of the mucous membrane and a secretion of stringy acid mucus, and dries the mucus so that it forms a fertile soil for the disease germs.

Farm and Garden.

DRY FOOTED.—Sheep must be kept in dry yards and in dry pasture. Wet footing is the one thing that sheep cannot stand.

RUST.—Nothing destroys machinery so soon as rust. Kerosene is one of the best preventives of rust, and may be used freely on all kinds of iron work.

FALLEN FRUIT.—All fallen fruit, whether very young or nearly matured, should be destroyed in order to prevent the propagation of insects as much as possible.

THE HOE.—The hoe will compensate for lack of manure in the garden sometimes. Nothing improves vegetables like a good hoeing of the soil and cutting out of the weeds.

CORNCOBS.—Corncobs contain more potash than wood. If they are used for fuel, and the ashes saved, it will be the most useful and economical mode of disposing of them.

MUZZLES.—It is suggested that the best way to protect both dogs and sheep is to compel all the dogs to wear muzzles, dogs not muzzled to be shot wherever found running at large.

STAGNANT WATER.—Cows will not refuse stagnant water when thirsty, and as such water contaminates the milk the matter of a plentiful supply of fresh water is an important one.

POTATOES.—A potato "sorter" is something that is needed, and if invented it will find ready sale. Apple "sorters" have been in use for some time, but as yet potatoes are assorted by hand.

FERTILIZERS.—The value of manure or fertilisers depends not only upon the amount of plant food they contain but also upon the kind and quality. Commercial fertilizers contain plant food in a concentrated form, while manure contains nearly the same substances in a bulky condition, and they may be nearly alike in composition or vary widely. Every pound of available plant food in a ton of manure can be duplicated by the chemist, and in a smaller bulk.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150 000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

The Ways of Experience.

It may seem something of a bull to say that experience is probably the best training a man may have. For there are many men to whom the solution of riddles, of which the word "experience" is the epitome, does not bring joy, and who were happier far, dull and unenlightened, in a cottage by a hill, than in the heart of a metropolis, all the manifold pulse-beats of which are fully known to them.

Not every one, then, should go to school to gain experience.

For the majority, however, who live by action rather than thought, there is no college to compare with it. It gives strength and courage, and that self knowledge which is better even than either strength or courage.

There is no more accomplished person than an accomplished man of the world, to whom experience is as a tonic, and who, nevertheless, keeps his heart warm within him.

Indeed, experience may be said to be the leaven without which no man can attain, intellectually and spiritually, his full stature. Perhaps the converse proposition may be stated: that it depends upon experience also whether a man shall sink to the full measure of the degradation of which he is capable.

This, however, involves a knotty question: nothing less than the solution of the problem about character, whether or no it is a fixed quantity in each individual, not to be enlarged or diminished, susceptible only of development.

Some think that "experience" is all but synonymous with a round of dissipation, reckless expenditure, and riotous living. It is a childish and absurd fancy, and chiefly in the thoughts of unfledged youths.

Could there be, in fact, a more fatuous misconception of life than the belief that he alone knows life, or is experienced, who has plunged himself, to the eyebrows, in the vortex of debauchery of the world's greatest cities?

A man in the flush of his faculties loves experience as a bird loves to wing through the air. But even a good woman, who has seen much of life and its secret things, and has kept unsullied through all her experiences, is at the end less disposed to congratulate and plume herself, than to shake her head and sigh.

To a man, disillusionment, though something undesirable, is better far than a life time of ignorance.

But a woman grieves over shattered ideals, bursted hopes, and the grossness, viewed closely, of what at a distance she had conceived to be divine in purity and charm.

Success, indeed, though not the infallible mark of a man of experience, is one of the rewards of experience. To some of us there is nothing more indicative of greatness than success. Greatness, therefore, is, in so far, but another name for profound experience.

"One of the greatest of a great man's qualities," says Esmond, in Thackeray's novel, "is success. 'Tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him, which compels the favor of the gods, and subjugates fortune.

But, on the other hand, we must not forget those—and they are not a few—to whom experience is like dust in the eyes. It does not increase their difficulty of going, instead of making life more plain They are perplexed by the extension of their knowledge, rather than aided by the loss of their ignorance. They are like men in a desert, who fancy that the farther they go in search of a road they have lost, the wider becomes the horizon of their despair.

Further, it is an error, though a natural one, to assume that those who retreat before experience, like a thrashed boy from the cane, are in so compassionable a state as they would sometimes have us believe. What if their eyes are opened to divers discomforting problems that they saw nothing of before? It may suit their convenience to cry over the vexation they suffer in being unable to crack these several nuts. But all the while—perchance so deeply in them that no shadow of it shows in their clouded faces—there is a sparkle of ironical joy in their hearts over what they term the sorry mysteries of life. It may be rather grim revelling; but it suits their temperment, and braces their system quite as effectually as the bellow of laughter with which an old fox-hunting squire acknowledges a comrade's good story.

There's not a doubt that false scent lies thick about the world's surface. Many a man, for lack of courage, enterprise or strength, goes all his life about it. The American, on the other hand, is not content to do this. He no sooner finds that he is caught by it, than he stops and makes another cast. He gains experience. The other, who plods on like a sheep, may, with groans, gain a living; but nothing more. And it is the same in other matters. The man who realises, or thinks he realises, that he has hitherto believed in this or that, with quite culpable blindness, no sooner turns his back on the venerable fiction—whatever it be—than he perceives new possibilities before him. He may have fallen much in the rear of those who are after the fox; but what's to hinder him riding whither he lists? And so he snuffs the air with a fresh and inspiring sense of freedom. The others may go tailing after each other if they please. He, for his part, will follow his humor.

ALL men who are worth calling men like to wrestle with difficulty. It it does not lie in their way, they go out of their way to find it. One starts for the source of the Nile, another for the bleak Antarctic, a third for the North Pole. Each has his hobby. "There's no such word as 'impossible,'" said Napoleon; and he was never in such high spirits as when he was bearing Europe in the attempt to prove the truth of his axiom. No human being cares to trot his hobby over a macadamised road. There is no excitement in ease and safety, and without excitement of some kind we should all rust, body and soul.

THE love that endures is independent of all outward and material circumstances; it can be killed only from within. In spite of all who disbelieve in the virtue of humanity and the continuance of love, no one need doubt who looks round in the world he knows. For we all number among our acquaintance old couples who have weathered the storms and outridden the tempests of domestic life, who have long been safely anchored in the harbor of mutual love, mutual friendship, mutual esteem, and so have become one mind and one life, their love lasting to the end.

HESITATION and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the cross roads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to—household duties, letters to write, visits to pay, etc.—and sits down with her hands before her, trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there.

IF mothers could be convinced that a large proportion of the troublesome faults of children proceed from errors in their physical treatment, much useless faultfinding would be abandoned. Fresh air and wholesome nourishment, regular hours and happy surroundings, would cure many irritable nerves, prevent many a fit of passion and brighten up many a sluggish and torpid mind.

PROBABLY nothing could have a more powerful effect upon social, domestic, and individual welfare than the widespread diffusion of the spirit of truthfulness. It underlies all honest and faithful work, all right fulfilment of relations, all independence and self-respect; for he who is in this high sense faithful to the truth will be faithful to himself and to others.

AS THE body itself is rather a necessary thing than a great, so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions and an indifference for casual events are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.

THE man who respects himself and is conscious that his ardent hope will never be satisfied does not proclaim his grief to the world; nor, in all probability, does he tell it to his nearest friend. He wears his shirt of sackcloth, and conceals it under fine linen.

The World's Happenings.

The census taking in New York has developed the fact that more than 60 languages and dialects are spoken there.

The grave of a little son of the late Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, is decked with flowers every day by an old gentleman of that city.

In a class of 16 that graduated from the Zanesville, O., High School, the other night, J. Smith Carter, colored, carried off the honors.

It is said that about a thousand elk are killed yearly in Oregon and Washington, and that the antlers from most of them are sent to England for ornaments.

A hailstone that fell during the storm in St. Louis, recently, and was measured at the Signal Service station there is said to have been nine inches in circumference.

A farmer named Newton, in Summit county, O., who last month ate twenty-six eggs on a wager, became ill soon after and remained so until a day or two ago, when he died

A Presbyterian church at Forest Grove, near Pittsburg, which was in debt, sunk a well on its premises, struck oil, and has sold out to the Standard Oil Company for $62,000 cash.

The reason Prince George has been sent cruising on board The Thrush is with the hope of curing him of love for an Earl's handsome daughter, whom it is considered prudent he should not marry.

The monotony of life in a Saccarappa, Me., undertaker's room was varied recently, when a man walked in and wanted to make arrangements for his own funeral, saying that he contemplated suicide.

Philip Henson, a planter living near Corinth, Miss., is believed to enjoy the proud distinction of having the longest beard in the world. He is six feet nine inches in height, and yet when he stands erect his whiskers reach to the ground.

Queen Victoria, having completed the fifty-third year of her reign, has now reigned longer than any English monarch excepting Henry III., George III.'s sixty years on the throne being left unconsidered, as it was so interrupted with regencies.

An Auburn, N. Y., man, who recently gave his dog away to a friend in a distant part of the town, was amazed on returning home to see the brute in his accustomed place on a rug. It is supposed that the dog followed his masters' tracks by the scent.

According to some one who has been looking over the records of the Academy of Sciences at Paris the use of India rubber for erasing pencil marks was first suggested in or just prior to 1732 by an academician named Magellan, a descendant of the great navigator.

A seller of soap in Brooklyn has hit upon the ingenious expedient of placing in his show window a handsome boy to blow soap bubbles. The lad wears mittens, and so tenacious are the bubbles that he is able to bob them up and down half a dozen times before they burst.

While a traveling circus was delighting the mill operatives of Fall River, Mass., a poverty-stricken mother is said to have sold her 4-year-old son, Michael Monas, to one of the side-show managers for $31. The sideshowman promised to make an acrobat of the youngster.

Since the order went forth that all dogs in England should be muzzled in consequence of many outbreaks of rabies, the number of cases of the disorder reported has fallen from eighty-one in the last quarter of 1889 to thirty-nine in the first quarter of the present year, and the decrease is still going on.

People in Paris will shortly be able, by dropping a half-franc piece into a slot, to hear a play or a concert. MM. Marinovitch and Szaravady have devised an apparatus for this purpose, which they have named the "Theatrephone," and they propose to introduce it into clubs and hotels. An experiment was made in Paris the other day, and was pronounced very successful.

The annual production of India-rubber balls in different countries (in dozens) is: Germany, 2,850,000; France, 800 000; Russia, 750,000; England, 630,000; Austria, 520,000; America, 360 000; Italy, 450,000; total, say, 6,500 000 dozen. The demand for German balls is increasing yearly. Germany now exports to England about 850,000 dozen and to America about 900,000 dozen.

While a little 2 year-old girl was playing in a yard at Lethonia, Ga., she suddenly called "Ma," but the mother paid no attention to her. In a short time the little girl went to the front porch, where Mrs. Medlock was, having a small black snake firmly grasped in her little hands. Mrs. Medlock was badly frightened, but managed to release the child's grasp and kill the reptile. The snake did not bite the child or make any attempt to do so.

Astoria, Oregon, rejoices in an infant that weighed but 18 ounces, so it is claimed, at his birth a few days ago. His name is George Washington Glencross, and his parents have several other children of ordinary size. Over his little head can be placed a drinking goblet An ordinary sized finger ring slips over his hand and up the shoulder easily. When born he measured just ten inches and a half from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head. The child is perfectly formed.

A useful attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water and set it on the centre of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and place the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice.

One of nature's strange freaks may be seen at the farm of Jones Stanford, four miles North of Flora, Mo. It is a colt, not unlike other colts, except a mark in its face. Beginning on a line with the lower part of the nostrils and extending to a point just below the eyes is a perfect outline of a rattlesnake. Its mouth and eyes are perfectly formed. On its tail seven rattles and a button may be distinctly seen, and, stranger still, the outline of the snake is raised, being about as large as a lead pencil and not a hair on it.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY S. V. W.

A woman, though she loveth well,
Can hate with hatred's fiercest spell.
In one quick moment let the snake
Of distrust all her trusting shake,
And lo! the calm of sunny day
To angry clouds hath given way.
She smiles: the dews of rosy dawn
In one swift thunder flash are gone.

A woman, though she hateth much,
Again can love at sorrow's touch
With tenfold tenderer love; for oh!
A woman's heart is like the snow—
A pure, white, chilly thing, until
The blast bestirs its perfect still,
Or the warm sun stoops down to place
A melting kiss upon its face.

Perkin's Ghost.

BY SYL CLARENCE.

CLEVER as he was, I never could get Perkin to understand the principles on which my directors carried on business.

I always told him that we had a system to which we rigidly adhered, and that any departure from that system would involve a new element of risk.

"Confound it!" he used to say—(he was rather given to strong language)—"if the thing is safe, it is safe, whether it belongs to your system or not."

But that was just like him: inventive genius, original ideas, capital suggestions, but no notion of business; he never could see anything in a practical light!

"Why," said he, "you advertise that you lend money without security; where can be the safety of that?"

So I tried to explain to him that we only trusted people who were sure to pay; men whose position was such, that they would be ruined if it came out that they had borrowed money from a Loan Office. You have no idea how frightened these people are if you threaten to sue them. And then they are always in arrears; and what they pay in fines—bless you! the interest is a trifle to it!

There was one client of ours—he was second master at a large school, where the principal was awfully strict, and used to sack every fellow that got in debt or signed a bill, or anything of that sort—he paid up his installments as regular as the day, and once he seemed quite frightened when he was a few minutes behind time, thinking we should have shut up and gone. Well, when he had paid it all up, he sent in a fresh application; but the Board shook their heads. When I told him they would not advance again, he seemed thunderstruck.

"Why," said he, "what is that for? I paid the last loan regularly enough; never missed one installment."

"Ah," said I, "that's where it is. You are too punctual by half. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Grinigan,"—that was his name,—"only don't let it go any further, that my directors don't care about people that pay to the very day. They make their profits out of the fines."

Now Perkin could never see that!

Well, I was going to tell you about the ghost. Just about this time Professor Kyan and Mr. Daggres had brought out a new stage effect, which was taking all the town by storm, and I can't tell you what prices the theatres and music halls were paying for the use of it.

Now Perkin had got an idea of a similar effect by a different plan. He said it would beat the other halls all to nothing, and could be done for about a quarter of the expense.

Of course I knew nothing about optical illusions, but I knew Perkin had his head screwed on the right way, and in fact I had sufficient confidence in him to be sure it would turn out all right.

What he wanted was, that I should get my directors to advance him a sum of twenty-five pounds to carry out his experiments, to be secured on the patent, which he had provisionally registered, though where he got the money I could not make out.

But I knew very well they would never risk an advance on such security as that; and as to lending it to Perkin without security—why, an inventor was just about the last person in the world they would trust.

However, he talked me over at last, for he had such a convincing way of putting things, that he would argue any one but a director out of his senses. So he persuaded me that he was sure to make a fortune by his invention, and that any man of business must see it.

One day I broached the matter to the Board, but they only laughed at me, and Mr. Sloman, the chairman, told me if I had so much confidence in the speculation, I had better advance the money myself, at which they laughed all the more.

I was rather annoyed at this, for they did not generally make fun of matters of business; but I could not help seeing that I had done a foolish thing in proposing a speculation which I might have known—as indeed I had told Perkin at first—they would not listen to.

I was piqued, too, at old Sloman's sneering advice, which clearly meant that he thought that I had not twenty-five pounds in the world, and also that, if I had I should be a fool to risk it in such an undertaking.

But it so happened that I had saved a matter of fifty pounds out of my salary; and, as I felt quite sure that Perkin's invention, properly carried out, would be a very profitable investment, I was considerably inclined to embark half my savings in it. So I told him that if he would make over to me one half-share in the patent, and give me a control over the expenditure, so that he might not make ducks and drakes of the money, for want of a little business like management, I would find him the twenty-five pounds from my own resources.

He agreed at once, though he chaffed me a little about thinking myself cleverer than he, and also about keeping my resources secret to the last minute; but I did not mind a little chaff; I was tolerably well hardened to that when I was only a junior clerk, and little thought I should ever be secretary to a Loan Office.

I got the agreement drawn up by a young friend of mine; in fact, the managing clerk to our solicitors. He did it one night at the Magpie and Stump, when I took supper, and he never charged me a penny for it.

At first I wanted to give Perkin five pounds at a time, just as he wanted it, but he would not stand that at all.

He said it would spoil everything to have the capital (only think of twenty-five pounds being "capital!") doled out in dribblets. He must have it all at once, so that he could lay it out to the very best advantage.

I reminded him that I was to have control of it. "So you shall, my boy," says he. "I will tell you what I mean to do with it before I spend a farthing, and I won't go to any expense you raise a reasonable objection to; but I am not going to undertake it at all, if I must come to you for a penny every time I want a candle; and you're a fool to wish it, for candles are cheaper by the pound."

I told him not to call me a fool again, and observed that I had not thought of candles, nor proposed to tie him down to pennies; but it ended in my giving him the twenty-five pounds all in a lump, and the first thing he did was to set aside five pounds for his own maintenance.

"You see, said Perkin, "I can't live upon air, and, as I want to devote all my time to this, it won't do for me to be distracted by having to hunt up the means of a living. Still, I don't want to burden so small a capital with a heavier charge than necessary. I can manage somehow on a pound a week till we get on a bit; but I dare say I shall get through my experiments in five weeks."

So he put the five pounds in a separate corner of a cash-box, which he had made me buy for five shillings, over and above the twenty-five pounds, and the other twenty-pounds in the larger compartment in the middle. "Now," says he, "I will draw one pound of that every Friday."

I thought this rather sharp practice, but it very much improved my opinion of his business talents, and I was not half so much afraid of his letting any one "do" him in the bargains he had to make in the first two or three purchases, but I soon found that he knew what he was about as well as I could tell him, so I thought I might as well let him alone.

Indeed, most of the articles were quite out of my line—lenses and cameras, and all sorts of scientific things, of which I could not even make out the use.

At first Perkin carried on his experiments in what he called his "studio." I suppose he was ashamed to call it a lodging, but it was the only one he had.

It was a dreary-looking attic, in a back street, in a neighborhood that had been aristocratic a long while ago, but had come down to be squalid. It was an enormous house, and all the lower rooms had been partitioned off into small closets, which were let as sleeping-rooms to nightly lodgers.

But Perkin's attic, being the smallest room in the house, had not been thought worth dividing, and yet it was what I should call a rather spacious apartment, only the slanting roof made it appear mean and stunted.

There was not much furniture in it, nothing but a truckle bed in one corner, concealed by a dingy piece of green baize hung upon a line; a deal table, a rickety old bureau, two chairs with the bottoms out, and bits of board nailed on instead, and one or two boxes.

But there was plenty of what I should call "lumber," but which he called "apparatus." Just by the fireplace he had put up a furnace, an anvil and a still, all very small, but enough for the sort of experiments he was always carrying on.

Then there was the carpenter's bench, a lathe, and all sorts of tools, instruments, and odds and ends. You never saw such a medley of vices, saws, chisels, planes, and augers,—retorts, test-tubes, crucibles, and phials,—frames, colors, and drawing instruments,—books, plans, diagrams, papers and portfolios, and all sorts of things that looked to me like rubbish, though I suppose Perkin had a use for them all.

In this studio of his I spent with Perkin all my time before going to the office of a morning, and after leaving in the afternoon, assisting in his experiments and picking up more scientific knowledge, especially about optics and optical illusions, than I ever thought I could have got into my head. Indeed, I don't suppose I ever could have learned it, only you see it had become a sort of business with me; and, besides, I must say that Perkin had a way of putting things that they seemed easier to understand than they are as you find them in books. But the books used to seem clearer and easier when you had heard Perkin's version first.

After this had gone on for about a fortnight, I found Perkin getting very uneasy, and sometimes a little nervous.

He used to listen anxiously for footsteps on the stairs, and very often he would go to the window and look at the two little looking glasses he had fixed outside, to command a view up and down the street. One day I asked him what was the matter?

"Why," says he, "I don't feel quite easy here. You see I am so well known in London; and when a man is known to be up to something he may be watched. There is one fellow particularly, who, if he got a hint of what I am am about, would just go and do the same thing himself, and perhaps get before me, as he has better resources. I was watched home from Leather Lane yesterday, after I had been buying a piece of plate-glass—such a bargain!—but there! they will never guess what I want a piece of plate glass for!"

As he said this, Perkin looked out of the window at his mirrors, started, and calling me to him, pointed to one of the glasses, in which I saw two shabby-looking fellows standing at a little distance from the house.

They were engaged in conversation, and from time to time looked sharply at every person who happened to leave the house.

He told me they were the same two who had watched him home the previous night. I fancied I had seen them before but could not remember where.

This decided Perkin upon a course to be at once adopted. He would leave London secretly, and continue his experiments at a little out of the way hamlet he knew of, where there were no neighbors at all likely to take any interest in his proceedings.

There would be a little extra expense—chiefly the cost of travelling, and a trifle for the rent of a barn, which would make a very good studio; but this would be covered by the economy he had made in buying some of the apparatus cheaper than he expected. So he set about his preparations at once.

He packed up in a great chest all the things he would require, including what we had purchased out of our capital (except the plate glass, which was not portable), and some of his own tools and apparatus. He paid his arrears of rent, and a fortnight in advance, ordered his trunk to be sent to my lodgings, and left the house by a back way, only known to the inmates.

I went away and made several calls, to throw off suspicion if I should be watched. One of the men did follow me for some time, but at last gave it up and went about his business.

That night I met Perkin at the Magpie to make arrangements. He was to leave town early next morning by parliamentary train, and take a place in the hamlet he had mentioned, and next day I was to send the chest on to him by rail.

It then occurred to me that, as business was rather slack at the office, I might just as well take my vacation. I always had a fortnight once a year, and some little latitude as to when I should take it. So we agreed that, if I could arrange it, then I should bring the chest myself, and stop with him for the fortnight.

The next day I got my fortnight's leave, and made other necessary arrangements; and the following day I went off with the chest to rejoin Perkin. He had taken a barn adjoining the inn, and when we had fitted it up with the apparatus I had brought, and a little furniture borrowed from the landlord, it looked not unlike the studio in the London attic, only there was not so much rubbish about.

Here we continued our experiments till my fortnight's leave had nearly expired, and the twenty five pounds capital had almost been exhausted.

I may here mention that Perkin never allowed his personal expenses to exceed the stipulated one pound a week, and I did not charge mine against the capital, but paid them out of my own pocket.

I may also remark that up to this point the results of our experiments were wholly satisfactory.

Our ghost, from a very early period in these experiments, had a very life-like and effective appearance, quite equal, if not superior, to anything I have seen done under Kyan and Daggres' patent. The difficulties we had still to contend with were of a very minor character, chiefly relating to points of distinction between our patent and that of Kyan and Daggres aforesaid. It would not become me to speak with any degree of egotism upon my own share in the labor, but it is only just to myself to declare that I rendered considerable assistance to Perkin.

I have already said that I had picked up some knowledge of optics, and the like. Many persons may think that it could only be a superficial knowledge, and indeed Perkin was rude enough to say that it was but a "smattering."

At all events it enabled me to make some suggestions which, I flatter myself, were valuable. Besides, he could not have dispensed with the services of an intelligent assistant. If I had not been with him he must have employed a stranger, which, as Perkin admitted, would have involved some risk of disclosure.

For instance, in some of these experiments, I had to stand at a certain point while he directed upon me a strong light, something like a Bude light, but produced by a new process of his own invention, and forming a part of the patent. (The specification has been drawn up, and is in my possession.) This light being reflected from my figure upon certain lenses and mirrors, my image was projected, by a process which I will not describe, to a certain other point, where it appeared as natural as life. The first time I saw it, though I knew pretty well how it was done, it seemed quite awful. I was struck all of a heap, and felt a creeping all over me. But I soon got used to it, and did not mind it a bit.

It was on the Monday, as my fortnight would be up on Thursday, that I went out for a walk in the afternoon, just to freshen up a bit after working all day in that gloomy place among chemicals and such stuff, and bothering my head with a lot of science.

I had walked about half a mile, when who should I come upon, sitting upon a gate smoking short clay pipes, but the very two men whom we had seen watching the lodging-house in London. As I passed close to them, and it was broad daylight, I saw them much plainer than before, and this time I distinctly recognized them both.

They were bailiffs, and had on one occasion "taken" a client of ours, who had let his arrears run a leetle too long. I was certain they noticed me, but I paid no attention till I got out of sight, when I jumped over the hedge and hurried back to the studio by the shortest cut.

I told Perkin what had occurred, and frankly put it to him that I did not believe they were watching him to discover his secret, but in the regular course of their profession—not to put too fine a point to it—to arrest him!

"I believe you are right, my boy," says Perkin, "and I ought to have known it from the first; but I have been so much absorbed in the completion of this invention, that I forgot all about that paltry debt. Well, we must give them the slip if we can. Let us once get back to town with our apparatus, and you can go on, even if they lock me up."

"That is the worst of men like you," says I. "You've always a lot of difficulties hanging over you, and if any one tries to give you a bit of a lift, it is sure to be spoiled by some one coming down on you for an old debt."

With that Perkin burst out laughing. "Why," says he, "it is not an old debt at

all! It is only what I borrowed to pay the fees for registration!"

Just then some one outside says, "That is him, I'll swear. I know his laugh. That is just the way he always laughs when he's took." And then we heard some one trying to shove in the door.

"Come," says Perkin, "we'll give 'em a fright. Just let us change places."

I was standing at what he called the "point," and he was at the lens, "focussing" me; so he went to the point, and I went to work the lens. Just as I had got a capital image of Perkin projected into the centre of the barn, the door yielded, and the two bailiffs rushed in. Perkin and I were concealed from their view, but the "Ghost," as we called it, stood right before them.

"Ah," says one of them (the one whose voice I had heard outside), "I told you so! There he is!"

Of course he meant Perkin, seeing before his eyes a figure so exactly like him that anybody might have taken it for the real man; though, in fact, it was nothing but a reflected shadow—in short, Perkin's ghost.

Perkin struck an attitude, and naturally the shadow did the same, looking as if he was quite frightened at being apprehended. The bailiffs tried to lay hold of him, and looked quite started when they couldn't. When they thought they were going to seize the man, their hands passed through nothing!

Then they tried again; but I worked the lens so as to make the shadow fade away. Then they got frightened, and ran away clean out of the place.

Perkin did not laugh this time. He remembered that he had been identified by his laugh a few minutes before, and the fear of bringing the fellows back again kept him serious.

"Come," says he, "we must pack our traps, and get out of this instanter."

"Leave the packing to me," says I, "and you'll get off as fast as you can. Don't go out at that door! There is a loose plank at the back, and you are less likely to be noticed that way. Get across the field to the railway station. You know the way. There is a train in half an hour, and it is as much as you'll do to save it, for it's a good two miles." But he knew that as well as I did.

By this time he had got out by the loose plank, which I at once replaced. I packed everything up in the big chest as fast as I could, and went to the inn, to tell the landlord he must forward the trunk to me in London. When I got the inn, I found a crowd of bumpkins in the kitchen, or bar parlor (for one room answered both purposes), gathered round the two bailiffs, who were giving an account of their adventure. I only wanted to speak to the landlord, and as he was listening with his mouth open to what they were saying, I waited, intending to draw him aside as soon as he was disengaged.

"I'll tell you what it is," says one of the bailiffs, the one whose voice I knew, and I now saw that he was the bigger of the two, "this here Perkin is a queer sort of a chap."

"A very respectable man is Mr. Perkin," said the landlord. "I've know'd him for a many years."

"Ah," says the big bailiff, "he may be respectable, but that is neither here nor there. Many's the time I've took him."

"And always behaved honorable and like a gentleman," says the little bailiff.

"Hear, hear!" cried the landlord; "I've always found him so, and I speaks of a man as I finds him."

"Very well," says the big bailiff; "but that's neither here nor there. When a man is a clever man, and is known for a clever man, which nobody will deny but what Mr. Perkin is such——"

"A very clever man Mr. Perkin is," says the landlord.

"Well and good," says the big bailiff; "and nobody says nothing to the contrary. Well, here is a clever man, that gets his living by talents; but when you see a thing as nobody ever sees the like, it makes a man feel queer. Not but what I've seen as many strange things as here and there one. Well, we goes in, me and my mate, into this here place—his studies, as he calls it, as no as he's got one in London. That is a rum place, too, with all sorts of queer things. Just like it is the play, the Devil and Dr. Faustis, or what you see at the Vic, where there's devils, and witches, and such like. But, as I was a saying, we goes in, and there we sees Mr. Perkin as plain as I see you, sir!"

He said this to a tall, thin man, in a black suit of clothes, with a white choker, who kept standing all the while, and didn't drink anything. I thought I had seen this man before, but couldn't quite recall him; just the same as I was not quite sure about the bailiffs at first. He fidgeted a bit when the bailiff spoke to him, but never said a word.

"As plain as ever I see any man in my life," says the little bailiff.

"Well," says the big one, "I says to him, 'So we have got you at last, Mr. Perkin!' He never says a word, but he starts and looks a leetle skeared, as gents does when they're took."

"Just as if he was in two minds to run away or fight for it," says the little one.

"That is right," says the big one. "Then he looks sarcastic like, and my mate he produces the warrant, and shows it him. I says, 'Mr Perkin, we shall be obligated to take you in hexecution, if so be as you can't pay the money; which, if you aint got it here, you must please to come with us to London, and we will take a cab to Whitecross Street till you sends for it. You won't be there more than two hours, sir, if you can get it by sending. I says this, like we always does, to comfort him a bit, for gents is apt to take on a bit when they're took. Same time, he would not get out to-night, for it would be late when we got to town. But that's neither here nor there, seeing as we aint got him."

"Nor shan't to-day," says the little one.

"Shut up, Joe!" says the big one. "Let me speak. With that he looks sarcastic-like, and turns his waistcoat-pocket out, to show he had got no money."

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"Shut up, Joe!" says the big one. "Let me speak. With that he looks sarcastic-like, and turns his waist-pocket out, to show he had got no money."

"No more he aint," says the little one.

"Never you mind," says the big one. "What is the odds as long as you have got your man?"

"Well, but we aint!" says the little one.

"That is neither here nor there," says the big one. "Leastways that's where it is. I goes to tap his shoulder, and if you will believe me, as I am a living man, he had got no shoulder there!"

"No shoulder!" says the man with the white choker (and I could swear I knew his voice), "a man must have a shoulder."

"You couldn't feel it, then," says the little one.

"Hold your noise," says the big one. "If you will believe me, gents all, my hand went right through him, and came out at his waistcoat."

"Ah! and he was there all the while, as plain as that there table," says the little one, hitting the table with his fist.

"Yes,; but you couldn't feel him," says the big one.

"I lays hold of his arm," says the little one.

"No, you didn't!" says the big one.

"Well, I went to do it," says the little one; "but you might as well lay hold of mist!" and he takes a pull at his pipe, and blows away a lot of smoke.

"Well, that aint all," says the big one. "We tries again, me and my mate, to take hold of him, and he fades away by degrees, right before our eyes, till there aint nobody there! So now, gents all," says he, taking a draught of beer from a brown mug that was on the table before him, "what do you think of that? if you can make anything of it, well and good; I can only say it beats me, and I have seen many a queer start in my time."

The man with the white choker then said he could see through it all, and the landlord said he should like to hear the parson's views. Then this man, they called the parson, though it turned out he was not a parson, but only a ranting preacher, spoke up and says, "This is clearly nothing but witchcraft and devilry. This man you call Perkin is nothing but a sorcerer, unless he is the Evil One himself. He was standing there before the eyes of these gentlemen, and when they tried to seize him, he vanished away, by magic and the aid of the devil."

All the bumpkins listened to this quite seriously, and took it all in: They stared and looked frightened, and some of them turned and glanced to the door, as if they thought Perkin was coming in, with horns and a tail, and no end of red fire. They were an ignorant set, and the parson, as they called him, was just as bad as the clodhoppers. Just then the landlord noticed me. I was going to speak to him quietly, and take myself off quickly, but he would have it out before them all.

"Here," says he, "is a gent who knows different. He will tell us all about it."

The bailiffs at once declared that they had seen me in London in and out, of Perkin's lodging. I thought it no use to deny myself, as the landlord could prove that I had been with Perkin for a fortnight. It was very well for me, as it turned out, that he did know so much about me. So I tried to explain matters.

I told them it was only an optical illusion, but they did not know what that meant. They only thought it was Latin for sorcery. Then the parson, who thought himself very sharp, asked the bailiffs whether they saw me in the barn. No, they did not. Very good. Did they see me go into the barn? Yes, they did.

"Very good," says the parson again. "Now, that shows you what these conjurers are. You see it is all the same man, but he disguises himself by witchcraft and devilry."

"Oh no," says the landlord, "this aint Mr. Perkin. I know Mr. Perkin very well for many years. A very clever man, and always got new-fangled notions—not that I believe he has any dealings with the devil; but this 'ere young man has been staying here a fortnight along of him, and I've seen 'em both together day by day, and all meal times, as I may say. Likeways, they halved their meals together, and two different bed-rooms, and was charged for two, and paid. Which it stands to reason they can't both be the same."

"Well, but you see," says the parson, "it's all the same; they were both rowing in the same boat."

"Lor bless you, no!" says the landlord. "This one is a simple, innocent young fellow. Why he paid all the bills!"

I at once saw that this created a diversion in my favor. Thinking it might be well to be on good terms with these people, I determined to improve the occasion.

"Yes," says I, "and I will pay for glasses round for all these gentlemen, if they will do me the honor."

The offer was at once accepted, and they all took grog, which I am afraid was not good for them; for half these fellows never taste anything stronger than table beer from year's end to year's end.

However, thinking it safest to be friends with them, I sat down and drank with them; and though I was cautious, it made me a little lively, for I never could carry much liquor. So they got to asking me questions, and I began to tell them how it was done, which only fogged them the more; for what did they know about optics?

"I'll tell you what it is, my friends," says the parson, at last; "I was right at first. It is all charms, and incantations, and devilry. Why, he owns that a man can stand in one place and seem to be in another. You can see him in two places at once. It holds good with what I said. It is all one man. You see him here, and you see him there, and it looks like two men, so the landlord was taken in, and thought there was a pair of them."

They were all coming back to think I was Perkin and Perkin was me, when the landlord says, "That won't do for me. Supposing one was the man and the other his shadder, would the shadder eat his dinner as hearty as the man, and pay for two out of his own pocket? The money warn't a shadder, anyway."

This satisfied every one but the parson as to my separate identity, but they still thought that Perkin was a wizard, and being by this time heated with the grog, they determined to go to the barn and destroy all our apparatus—"devil's tools," they called them.

I begged hard to have my property spared, threatened to call in the police, to prosecute the ring-leaders, and everything I could think of. But it was of no use. They went to the barn, dragged out the chest, broke it open, smashed all the contents to atoms, made up a bonfire; and burnt everything that would burn.

So all our trouble, all our experiments, and all our capital went for nothing. For my twenty-five pounds, and my labor and anxiety, what had I to show? Only a heap of ashes and the sheet of plate glass at Perkin's studio in London

Any one would think that after doing so much mischief their rage would be exhausted. Not a bit of it. When the bonfire was burnt out, they were just savage enough to want a little more excitement. Besides, they were egged on by the parson and the bailiffs.

All the while the bonfire was burning the bailiffs had been hunting about after Perkin. They were exasperated because they could not find him. Then they said I must know where to find him. Then I thought it would have been better for me if I had got away during the confusion of the bonfire burning. But I had been stricken helpless at seeing my property destroyed, and it was too late now.

By this time the parson had mounted the top of an old beer-barrel, and was haranguing the mob, telling them that Perkin was a witch, and that I was no better. So they crowded round me and hustled me, and at last carried me off to the horse-pond to duck me for a witch. While they were rigging up the ducking-stool, which from long disuse had got out of order, the parson loses his temper.

"If I had my way," says he, "these good old institutions should be kept in better order. If they shouldn't, I'll be——" He was going to swear, but he pulled up short, made a wry face, and muttered to himself, "No, I mustn't."

The moment I heard that, I recollected who he was, for I had heard him go on like that over and over again, though it was a great many years ago. He was an old client of ours in London, and had run away heavily in arrears to the company.

As soon as I recognized him I mentioned his name, told him who I was, and asked him how he would like me to mention his present address to my directors? He was quite taken aback; and well he might be, for it was rather a black business, the way he got that loan, and bolted.

It would not have been a case of County Court and forty days, but Old Bailey and over the water. Not to speak of other affairs which the detectives and the Trade Protection Society might bring forward, if he were traced.

Well, he turned round at once, and says he: "All right. If I get you off, will you pledge your word, as a gentleman, not to betray me?"

"Honor bright," says I; for I can tell you I did not like the notion of being ducked!

"Friends and brethren," say he, "let us pause a minute and restrain our just indignation. It is not for such as us, which are but worms, as it were, in the dust, and must return to the same, it is not for us to set up our own will and judgment against what is higher than any human law."

Then he went on with some of his cant, which I shall not repeat, for I don't like naming what there is no occasion for. I was brought up serious myself, but I would rather not make too free with names and things we hold sacred.

"This machine," says he, "is out of order. You have been trying to get it right and can't. It never went wrong before. I am certain it was in good order at the last ducking. Will the oldest inhabitant gainsay me?"

Either the oldest inhabitant was not present, or he was not old enough to remember the last ducking, for no one answered yea or nay.

"Now, my dear brethren," says he, "is not this for a sign and token to us that this is not to be? What is to be will be; and it see us that it is ruled that this man is not to be ducked. Is it not our bounden duty to submit to a higher will, and let the poor man go?"

While he went on improving the occasion, the fellows who had charge of me loosened their hold, and gathered closer round him.

Finding myself released, I looked round, saw I was not likely to be noticed, and quietly slipped away. I never stopped running till I got to the railway station, though I did not save much time by this, as I had half an hour to wait for the train.

The bailiffs, who had followed me, came up to town by the same train, and as Perkin was waiting for me at the London terminus, instead of keeping out of the way, as he ought to have done, they just caught him nicely. Then they executed their warrant, and took Perkin off to Whitecross Street, where he spent the night as jolly as if he had been at home.

Next morning I drew my other twenty-five pounds out of the bank and borrowed a little from my friends, which I have since repaid.

I paid off Perkin's debt and got him out. He was much distressed to find that his apparatus was destroyed; but, to compensate me for my losses, he made over the entire property of the patent to me. I am, therefore, at this moment the sole proprietor of Perkin's Ghost. At present, however, I am not in possession of the requisite capital to carry out this admirable invention to any practical result.

Perkin himself seems to have lost all interest in the matter, and is now seeking to raise capital for certain other inventions, in which I confess I have no confidence.

For my own part, I am quite convinced that a fortune is to be made by the judicious development of this ingenious illusion, and if any gentleman will come forward with the limited capital required,—say, twenty or thirty pounds,—I am willing to make over to him one-half share in the patent; but as I should not like my directors to know anything about it, correspondence had better be private and confidential, say by means of an advertisement in the second column of The Times, under the heading of "Perkin's Ghost."

Mr. Critchley.

BY PERCY VERE.

THE snow was falling, and as the stream of work people was let forth from the gates of Cranston and Co.'s dingy old Blackford the wind tossed the feathery flakes around them in the darkness, making the toilers all the more anxious to get to their homes.

Every now and then a waft of hurrying voices swept back with the gust, spending its final breath at the door of Cranston and Co.'s counting house, where the "Co." were sitting, cheerless and dreary.

How Jared Critchley came to be at once the "Co.," the head, the tail, and the body of the firm of Cranston and Co., worsted spinners and manufacturers, is a matter of industrial history. Hard words were said of him by the Cranstons, whom he had ousted; by the trade rivals, whom he had outwitted; and by the work people, whose wages he had cut down.

Jared was of the rugged type. Nature had not in his case given external polish to a casket devoid of inner value; nor had education been able to make up for natural deficiencies. And, worse than all, he had never been in love!

He remained in the counting house long after everybody else had left.

When nine o'clock struck, he got up from his seat, donned his top coat, and nearly throttled himself black in the face with his muffler.

Where was he going? He didn't know. He didn't care.

He crossed the mill yard, and looked up through the falling snow at the gaunt, many-storied factory.

He looked again. What was that? Something white at one of the windows!

"Why, it's a woman!" he exclaimed.

The next moment, whatever it was, it had vanished.

"A woman locked in, I suppose," he said to himself as he turned back for the keys.

He then proceeded to the ponderous mill door, unlocked it, entered, locked it again on the inside, and then, lamp in hand, ascended to the third story, where he had seen the figure.

Another key, another unlocking and locking, and he found himself in a large room that extended the full length of the factory, the rays of his lamp shedding a sort of luminous haze over the forest of belting, shafting, and looms which spread all around him.

He stood still for a moment and listened.

"Hallloo, there!" he shouted.

The silence of the dead!

He now made the circuit of the room, but the woman did not appear.

He then walked to the room where the crane was worked, and there, in one corner, saw a pile of loose wool. He looked fixedly at the fibrous material for a full minute, and then thought he saw it move.

"Come out o' that wool this instant!" he cried.

This was sufficient.

From the tangled mass of wool there rose, like Venus from the foam, a young girl of about nineteen, tall, fair, and beautiful, who bent her head with confusion, and kept her eyes drooped before him.

"What have you been doing here?" he said.

"Stopping: that's all," she answered, still not daring to lift her eyes.

"Locked in, do you mean?"

"No."

"Wi' all stopped in on purpose?"

"Yes."

"Good gracious! What for?"

"Because—oh, sir!—because I'm miserable," and she began to cry.

"Come, come," he said; "you mustn't go

on like that. Tell me all about it."

In a few simple, faltering words, she told him how she had quarrelled with her sister, with whom she lived, and that this "and something else" had made her so unhappy that she had determined to remain in the mill all night. She finished by imploring her master to let her stay where she was.

"It's so ridiculous, you see," he urged; "besides, you'd die of cold and hunger."

"No, I shouldn't," she said; "I've got some bread."

This was the most bewildering business that ever Mr. Critchley had had to deal with.

"Something must be done," he said, in a tone of embarassment; "to—to—to put you right. You didn't tell me your name, did you?"

"Mary Minson."

"So you've quarrelled with your sister, have you? Have you no other friends?"

"No."

"None at all?"

"Well, there's Jack; but he's behaved the worst of all."

"Oh, there's Jack, is there? I see."

Of course, ten thousand Jacks were nothing to him; still, he would have preferred that no Jack had been mentioned.

"Who is this Jack?"

"Jack Fletcher."

"What! my engine man?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll go and find him."

"No, sir, you mustn't," she entreated, advancing from the fibrous bed with tearful eyes.

"But I shall, I tell you, and I'll bring him here."

"I won't see him."

"Yes, you will; I'm now going to lock you in again."

"No, no; let me go!"

"Oh, you'll go now, will you?"

"Yes, I will."

"And where will you go?"

"Heaven knows!"

"That decides me; I'm off."

Sue tried to escape through the door as he opened it, but he was too quick for her.

As she heard his footsteps descending the stairs, her heart sank within her, but her native courage speedily returned. She would throw herself from the window rather than be compelled to humble herself before Jack.

Mr. Critchley went to Mrs. Fletcher's cottage, just outside the mill yard, and put the old lady in a terrible flutter by inquiring for Jack. He wasn't at home, but might be over at the Green Dragon.

Thither the manufacturer went, and there Jack was, unwashed, and very much intoxicated.

"Come out; I want you," said Mr. Critchley.

Jack obeyed in a dazed sort of a way, and followed his master to the boiler house.

"Jack, I'm ashamed of you," said the millowner.

"Cert'nly, sir," acquiesced the muddled engine-man.

"Mary Minson's locked up in the mill."

"All the better—she's out o' mischief."

"Jack!"

"Look y' ere, sir, that there isn't me, an' I'll tell y' all 'bout it—that there girl, she's no good 't nobody. Las' Sunday sh' let spurinten'ent Sunday school walk home wi her. Yes, sir, an' I won't speak to her no more."

"You're a fool, Jack; come with me into the mill."

"Not me."

"Come, I say: you must. Mary must be got away."

"Leave Mary alone, Mr. Critchley; sh' not your girl."

"Jack, if you don't come with me I shall discharge you."

This was an ultimatum that Jack, tipsy as he was, durst not defy.

Without another word he followed his master into the mill.

Mr. Critchley led the way straight to the corner where he had left the girl.

But Mary had vanished! The mound of wool was turned over and over; every nook and corner of the room was searched; and the place was made to echo a hundred times with the name of "Mary!"

Jack was sober enough now.

"Let's hurry down into the yard, and see if we can find any trace of her there," he said, with genuine alarm.

They rushed into the mill yard.

While the search is proceeding, let us return to Mary, as she was left in that great, dismal, third story room, alone.

All the usual avenues of egress were closed to her. She cast a desparing glance of appeal towards the windows. She rushed at the door and shook it with all her strength. It was no use; it would not yield.

She ran to the hoist, but that could not be worked unless the steam was on. Then she bethought her of the crane, and wondered if that could help her in any way. She went to the crane door (the upper portion of which was glass), and looked out. There was the rope dangling in mid-air outside, with an iron nock at the end of it. Ah, if the rope had only been hanging to the ground—as it was so frequently during the day—she might have ventured to let herself down it.

She opened the crane door and looked out, and a rush of snow met her full in the face, and drove her back for an instant.

If only by some means she could get hold of the rope! But how? Looking around her eyes fell upon a long iron rod with a crook at the end. She snatched it up, and, with great exertion contrived to reach the rope with it. Then she pulled and pulled until she was able to lay hold of it with her hands, when she forced it out to its full length, until it reached the ground.

She had seen the factory boys slide down the rope when it was in this position many a time, and she resolved to do the same.

Listening for a moment, she heard footsteps ascending the stairs.

With one desperate effort she seized the rope, and clinging to it with her knees as well as her hands, swung herself out into the snowy night, and slid down to the ground. Then away she sped over the snow, never stopping to take breath until she was at a safe distance from the mill.

As for Mr. Critchley and Jack, they were not long in discovering how the caged bird had escaped.

"Jack, this is all your doing," said the millowner.

"No, sir, it's your doing," objected Jack; "she might have stayed till next Christmas before I'd have bothered about her."

"You're an ungrateful hound," said Mr. Critchley; "not worthy to be the girl's shoe strings."

"Well, they can tie 'em as likes."

"But won't you go in search of her?"

"Not a stride."

"Then you'd better go home."

"All right; good night."

Jack returned to the Green Dragon, and Mr. Critchley went away to his lodgings.

Jared spent a miserable night, and could not get Mary Minson out of his thoughts.

Selfish, grasping, greedy, grumpy Jared Critchley was in love at last!

The next day the head of the firm of Cranston and Co. went early to the mill.

The engine had hardly been running half an hour, when he set out upon a tour of inspection through the different rooms.

Presently he walked into the third-story room, and boldly passed up the centre, looking about in a mechanical sort of a way.

At last he lifted his eyes to Mary's looms.

Mary was there, just as if nothing had happened.

After breakfast he dispatched a messenger for her to come to his office.

"Well, you did a pretty thing last night," he said as soon as he entered the room.

"It was the only way out of the difficulty, sir," she said, "and I am very sorry."

"Oh, don't be sorry," said the manufacturer; "can nothing be done for you?" He had meant to have mentioned Jack in some way but the name stuck in his throat.

"I'm all right, Mr. Critchley," said the girl.

"Have you made it up with your sister?"

"Yes."

"And with—with—what was I going to say? Oh, I was going to ask you if you never thought of getting out of the mill?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Improving your position."

"I don't complain."

"But you ought to; let me help you to something better."

"I don't understand, sir."

"Oh, you're a great deal too good for a common factory girl's life. You're pretty enough to be a real lady, Mary."

"Let me get back to my looms, sir."

"Yes, but let me just say this, Mary: I like you very, very much, and I'm a bachelor, Mary; and I've been thinking it would be advisable that I should marry, Mary; and there's no one I've seen that—"

Before he could finish the sentence she had fled in alarm.

Once or twice every day Mr. Critchley made an excuse for seeing Mary, who now began to bloom when she saw him, and seemed embarrassed in his presence.

As she was returning from the piece room one day Jared contrived to be in the way.

"Have you thought over what I said, Mary?" he whispered, tenderly.

"A great deal," was the reply, and she passed on.

Another day he met her going to the west room.

"Do you never take a walk of a night, Mary?" he inquired.

"Only on Wednesday nights," said Mary.

"And where do you go then?"

"To the Sunday-school singing class up at Weltham: that's all."

Wednesday night came, and the manufacturer sauntered forth across the fields in the direction of Weltham.

He had firmly resolved to make Mary an offer of marriage, come what might.

After much loitering about in the neighborhood of leafless hedgerows and bare fences, he at last heard the voices of approaching girls, and he knew instinctively that Mary was amongst them. When they came up, Mary uttered a little cry of alarm; he spoke to her, and her companions fled onward with a giggle.

"Mary," he said earnestly, "I have walked out here on purpose to meet you."

"Meet me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I want to tell you I love you, Mary. I want you to be my wife;" and he seized both her hands and held them firmly.

"Let me go!" she cried.

"Not until you have promised."

"Let me go!" she cried.

"Not until you have promised."

"Let me go!" she continued to cry.

The next moment he was only too glad to let her go, for he felt a sudden shower of blows descend upon his head, face, and body, to the accompaniment of words of demoniacal import.

When he came round he found Jack Fletcher standing over him bathing his face.

"Where am I?" he groaned.

"Oh, sir, forgive me!" pleaded Jack; "I thought it was the superintendent. I did, indeed, sir."

"Where is Mary?" murmured Mr. Critchley.

"Here, sir," said a faltering voice.

"Are you and Jack friends?"

"I suppose so, sir," said Mary.

"We've done quarreling now, Mr. Critchley," added Jack.

"Very well, then, see her home. Good-night, and mind you don't make a mistake of this sort again, Jack."

"The best of us are liable to make mistakes sometimes, sir," said Mary, with a touch of a meaning that was not misunderstood by her master.

There were more "good-nights," and then they parted, and the work at Beckside Mill went on in the old jog-trot fashion the next day and many a "next" day after that, and though Jared Critchley continued a bachelor to the end of the chapter, Jack and Mary soon afterwards were made man and wife.

Still, Mr. Critchley somehow fancied, forever that, that once upon a time, he had been perilously near being married, and he would often mutter to himself, "Ah, there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip!"

MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.—James Smith, the author of those "Rejected Addresses," which according to a literal minded man, were "so good that there seemed to be no reason why they should have been rejected," suffered some inconvenience from his name. Yet he was amply able to take care of himself in the matter, being willing to use heroic remedies.

It once happened that another James Smith came to live in the house where he had long resided, and immediately there arose a variety of complications from letters wrongly delivered and visitors perplexed. The poet determined to put an end to this difficulty. So he called upon the new-comer, and informed him that he must leave.

"But why should I leave?" asked the intruder.

"Because," was the cool reply, "you are James the Second, and you must abdicate."

The name Smith suggests an anecdote of Bayard Taylor, who, one night at a party, was greatly bored by the persistent attempts of a guest to discuss sun myths. No matter where the conversation strayed, this individual was sure to drag it back to sun myths.

"Did you ever think that the name Smith, so common in all countries, is derived from sun myth?" asked Taylor, mischievously.

"No, indeed!" was the reply.

"Undoubtedly. Sun myth, Sunmyth, Smyth, Smith!"

Every one laughed, and the poet had been successful in banishing the threadbare subject.

No wonder that certain names arouse the prejudice of the fastidious. The Duke of Newcastle once received from a newly arrived clergyman, named Rose, a written application for a day's fishing. Thus his answer ran:—

"The Duke of Newcastle cannot imply with Mr. Nose's request.

"P. S.—Finding Mr. Nose's name is Rose he is pleased to grant his request."

HIS OWN MESSENGER.—No one enjoys feeling that he has been the object of a clever trick; yet there are circumstances in which pique must yield to the humor of the situation. In the days when California did not seem as near the East as traveling by rail has since made it, a man entered the office of a San Francisco banker, and said—

"I want exchange for this on New York."

"All right. What is it?"

The man looked around him fearfully and then brought out a packet.

"It's twenty five thousand dollars in green backs."

"I guess I can do it! Going east?"

"Yes; I'm going to-morrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Couldn't do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft."

"Oh, seeing it's you, one per cent.—two hundred and fifty dollars."

"It goes."

The banker made out a draft on New York, and as he handed it to the man, asked him if he would mind taking along a small parcel, to be delivered in New York to the banker's brother.

The man was willing to undertake the errand, and the banker having gone into the other room, presently returned with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise, and don't lose it, will you?"

"I'll take the best care of it."

"Thank you. Good bye. Pleasant trip."

Arrived in New York, the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. He then presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the identical twenty-five thousand dollars he had deposited in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself.

IS THIS a portrait of your runaway husband, madam?" inquired a detective, "I took a snap shot at him with a concealed camera as he was entering the door across the street from me."

"I am not exactly sure," said the lady, doubtfully. "This is a rear view. What kind of a building was it?"

"It was a saloon, madam."

"M—yes. What time of the day?"

"It was 11:45 A. M."

"There is no doubt about its being his portrait," she said, decidedly. "I can recognize him by the saloon and the time of day."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Hamilton, O., has a mysterious visitor. He is a man of about forty-five, and during the several weeks he has spent about the town no one has been able to get a single word from him. "He carries a bundle to which he clings all the time, using it at night for a pillow. What it contains no one knows. He sleeps in an open wheat field. He has never entered a door, never asked for food or been given a mouthful of food and put in the day walking up and down the pike. He visits a spring where he drinks copiously, but what he lives on outside water, or what his name is no one has been able to ascertain."

The Bengal police has published the following extraordinary warning to passengers at all the stations on the Eastern Bengal Railway: "Passengers are hereby cautioned against taking anything to eat or drink from unknown persons, as there are many who live by poisoning travellers. They first of all court acquaintance with passengers, and then gain their confidence on the plea of being fellow travellers going to the same place. When they reach a place convenient for the purpose they pois on the water or food of the passengers, who become insensible, and they decamp with all their property."

Pine Grove, a hamlet near Douglasville, Texas, boasts of a girl not quite ten years old, who is five feet ten inches tall. She is the daughter of an engineer who is himself a giant in size, while his wife is six and one-fourth feet in height. The girl, her parents say, was an usually small, sickly baby, and didn't show any remarkable growth until she was about six years old. "She is stout and has the strength of a man, but her mind is feeble, or else has been so outstripped by her body as to give it no chance to develop. The young giantess presents a most remarkable spectacle with her childish face and dress, seated playing in the sand or amusing herself with a doll."

A daring attempt at highway robbery was frustrated near Milistone, N. J., Wednesday, by a woman's bravery. William Dilley, a Belle Meade merchant, was driving over a lonely road when two young men sprang upon him and halted his horse. They dragged him from the buggy and were rifling his pockets when a young woman who was him produced from her pocket a small revolver and opened fire upon the robbers. One of them had a hole in his cap and another a bullet-torn coat before they got out of the range of the plucky woman's weapon. Warrants were issued for two notorious characters, who were recognized as the assailants of Dilley, but when officers attempted to serve the warrants they were beaten off by a mob of ruffians.

One evening last week, Mrs. Haver, of Columbus, O., heard a noise in her kitchen and securing a revolver went to investigate and found a man with a handful of silver knives and forks. "Put those things back in the drawer," she commanded, pointing the revolver at the thief. He did so very quickly. "Now turn your pockets inside out, you have got some more," ordered Mrs. Haver. The fellow had summoned his courage by this time, and he refused to comply with the command. Mrs. Haver was determined to make him do as she wanted, and advanced upon him. The thief made a dive for the door, and succeeded in getting out, but Mrs. Haver followed and cried, "Stop, or I'll shoot!" He stopped and she held the weapon over him until a policeman, who had been summoned by a neighbor, arrived.

A firm of contractors in Pittsburg, who have dismissed all their Italian laborers and are filling the vacancies with negroes, gives this reason for the change: "We have become very much dissatisfied with Italian labor. The Italian is too small, and he does not eat enough of the kind of food to give him strength to do the work required. It is impossible to make him understand anything, and he is always getting into fights and causing trouble. He is entirely too handy with the use of the stiletto. It is true that we have made special arrangements to secure colored labor from Virginia, although not to the number of eight hundred or one thousand as reported. However, if we cannot obtain all the colored men in this city that we want, it is most likely that we will draw largely from Virginia."

Our vices are like our nails—even as we cut them they grow again.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILD AND THE EAGLE.

BY P. T.

Almost all the people in the parish, which forms the scene of this little tale, were engaged in that most enlivening branch of rural occupation—carrying the meadow-hay from the field in which it had grown, to the farm yards, where it was to be secured in stacks to preserve it from the influence of the weather; and the huge heaped up wains that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm yards.

Never had the parish seemed before so populous—jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle and song.

The dinner hour at length arrived—the horses were unyoked—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedgerow—graces were pronounced, and the Great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne well pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

In the midst of this scene of happiness and contentment, the great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, suddenly stooped down, and flew away with something in its talons.

One single, sudden, female shriek, and then shouts and outcries, as if a church-spire had tumbled down upon a whole congregation.

"Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast spreading cry. "The eagle's ta'en awa' Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain.

Two miles of hill, and dale and copse, and many intervening brooks, lay between; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie, or eagle's nest, was well known, and both the old birds were seen sitting on the edge of the rocky ledge, which towered far above.

But who shall scale the dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, who had been at storming of many a fort, attempted in vain?

All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running backwards and forwards like so many ants when their colony is disturbed.

"What's the use, what's the use of mere human means?" asked some of the elders of the village in despair; "we have no power but in prayer!" And many knelt down, fathers and mothers, thinking of their own babies, as if they could force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond, the agonized mother of the child, had all the while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes as if ready to start from her head, fixed on the eyrie.

Nobody had noticed her, for strong as all sympathies with her had been, they were now completely engrossed in watching the motions of the eagles.

"It was only last Sabbath that my sweet bairn was baptised!" she at length exclaimed in agony, and, starting up from the spot on which she had remained motionless, she flew off towards the cliff, over huge stones and through thickets, till she reached the foot of the mountain, and then mounting up—up—up faster than ever huntsman ran into the death of his game—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed in pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing even along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal pits, and returned unharmed to their bed?

It is the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby hurried off to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft till she reach that devouring den, and, in the passion of love, fiercer and more furious than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that, with their heavy wings, would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the All seeing God?

No stop, no stay, did the fearless mother make—she knew not that she drew her breath.

Fearless and fast, Prevention fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend?

That fear then but once crossed her heart as up, up, up, to the little image made of her own flesh and blood.

"The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is in my bosom?"

Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she could see the savage sternness of their wrathful eyes. But their fury was of no avail—up, up, up, mounted the intrepid mother, till at length she almost reached the eyrie, and the eagles, as if quailed, flew to a short distance, and took their post on a stump of a tree which jutted out from the cliff.

Another step and she has reached the nest, and, amid a collection of bones and blood, she clasped her child—dead, dead no doubt, but unmangled and unlorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down among the fresh hay, in a corner of the harvest-field.

O, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry! "It lives, it lives, it lives!" and, with loud laughter she eagerly clasped it in her arms, and contemplated its signal deliverance with love and awe!

Where all this time was Mark Stewart the sailor?

Half-way up the cliffs; but his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick, and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at evening the coming gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

"And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered God! She looked round, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye watched its fall, and it seemed to stop not far off on a small platform.

Her child was bound to her bosom, and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself upon a small piece of firm root bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened to the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf birch. There a loosened stone leapt over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall.

Steep as the wall of a house was the side of the precipice, but was matted with ivy, centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. With her baby bound to her bosom, she clung with hands and feet to that fearful ladder.

Turning around her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish, so great was the multitude, on their knees! And, hush! the voice of psalms—a hymn breathes the spirit of one united prayer!

Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge like—breathing not of death but of deliverance.

Often had she sung the tune, perhaps the very words—but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother, or at church along with all the congregation.

An unseen hand seemed to fasten her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed, but a tremulous sobbing voice was close behind her—and lo! a she goat with two little kids at her feet!

"Wild heights," thought she, "do those creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for O, even in brute creatures what is the holy power of a mother's love!" And, turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Over head frowned the front of the precipice, never visited before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it, and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings.

But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though scarred, and seamed, and cumbrous, was yet accessible, and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's cliff.

Many were now attempting it, and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers, which, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety into the care of their fellow creatures.

Not a word was spoken, eyes said enough; she hushed her friends with her hands, and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by heaven.

Small green flats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; bolder lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled among the straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs. Sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the eyrie, and now that her salvation was sure the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alteration of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name, one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day here, there, any where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child, and who on the Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew set apart for paupers in the church!

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her, lying in death.

"Gie me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many, of the kind-hearted creatures bathing its face in tears.

"There's not a single scatch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blind, blind indeed must they be who see not the finger of God in this thing."

Hannah started up from her swoon, looking wildly round, and cried, "O, the bird, the bird, the eagle, the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter. Is there none to pursue?"

A neighbor put her baby into her bosom, and shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, "Am I awake, O tell me if I am awake, or is a' this the work of a fever and the delirium of a dream!"

HEAD OF THE CLASS.

BY S. U. W.

At length the day arrived on which I was to open my school. The section allotted by the government was sufficiently central. The school house was built in rough style, with logs like the children's cob-houses, and stood on the prairie, not far from timber land.

It was a desolate looking place in itself; yet there was a picturesque beauty about the little building—standing alone, and sheltered by wild grape vines—with flowers springing around it of the brightest hue—that sent gladness to my heart. For the mild season, I could desire nothing more lovely.

And then the forest, the dark mysterious forest near, where I might spend my noon-day intervals between schools. However valuable might be the prairie land, it was its dowry of timber that seemed to me inestimable. I determined that this spot should be my pleasure ground; here I will exercise my ingenuity in making rustic seats—and when completed I would devote a portion of my time to study and meditation. I would endeavor to develope the true nature and end of my existence; and here, too, I would indulge dreams of domestic happiness, that, as yet, was hardly shadowed out in my imagination; but now I must to my work for the scholars are arriving.

I am not going to enter into the details of my new occupation. I will only mention that my trials, and they were many, proceeded from the parents. In this new settlement, jealousy, suspicion, and an overweening ambition, stimulated by parental affection, were disproportionate to all other powers of mind.

The boy who behaved well and acquired the best lesson, obtained the highest place in his class. This drew him an abundance of ill-will, and upon the schoolmaster the charge of partiality. One mother, whose son had been allowed to stay at home, for the most trifling excuses, almost every day, finding that he continued at the foot of the class, came to remonstrate.

"I should like to know what James has done that you should always keep him at the bottom!"

"The difficulty is," I replied, "that he has done nothing and does nothing."

"Well, I won't have it, no how, so you may put him at the head, and a-done with it, or I'll take him away from school; for I won't have him trod upon, no how."

"Perhaps," said I, "if you let him come steadily, he may get his lessons, and shortly take his turn at the head."

"But I can't spare him; I want him to help me, don't I, Jim?"

"Yes," said Jim. "You want me to drive out the pigs, and rock the baby, while you go a-visiting."

"That's a thumper. It is no such thing; you know you are out of sight as soon as my back is turned," retorted the mother.

The boys were attentive to the conversation, and I would not lose this opportunity of giving them a lesson.

"Mrs. Barber, I can do no more for your son than for any other of the scholars. He must get his own lesson—no human power can do it for him. If you do not let him have the same advantages, and the same opportunities of learning as his schoolmates, it is you that keep him at the bottom of the class; if he does not improve the opportunities given him, and is idle and inattentive, he keeps himself there; and there is no use in his coming to school."

"James," said I, addressing him mildly, 'would you like to be at the head of the class?"

He replied with quickness "yes."

"Very well, you must work for it; do you not see that we obtain nothing without labor? If a man owns a whole section of land, he cannot have a farm without cultivation—he must plough the ground and sow his grain.

Now, boys, each of you owns a farm in his own right. Your mind is yours by the gift of your Heavenly Father—and a noble gift it is, and full of treasures. The poet says:

'My mind a kingdom is!'

We will say my mind is a farm; now what will you do for it first? all may answer, and the one that answers best shall be at the head of the class this morning; I give you ten minutes to think it over."

I found Mrs. Barber began to take some interest in the question, for she seated herself, exclaiming, "I never!"

At the end of ten minutes, I took out my watch, and called for an answer. Some replied, "I will fence mine," others "I will sow corn and melons in mine;" but most of them said, "I will plough mine." James Barber remained silent. "You have not answered," said I.

"Why don't you say 'plough it,' you goose?" exclaimed the mother.

"'Cause I aint a mind to," said the boy.

"Well James what do you think." I marked his kindling eye.

"I'd drain it," said he, "and clear away the stumps and the rubbish, and then I'd plough it and sow grain!"

"Go uppermost," said I, "you have answered best."

I ought to say that from this time James was regular at school, and seemed gradually to receive a new impulse: his mother was satisfied, for he was sometimes at the head of his class.

EXCITEMENT OF FEELING.—The man of violent temper, of uncontrollable passions, of tumultuous feelings, whose life is one of continual excitement, will rarely, if ever, live to a great age. Neither will one who is consumed with eager desire of any kind. It may be for wealth or fame for himself, it may be for a scheme of reforming his fellow men or for remodelling a government. If it so possess him as to carry him off his balance and destroy his self-control continuously, the measure of his life will be shortened. But in such cases, though much spasmodic work is involved, it is not the labor, but the excitement of feeling which does the mischief.

Were the habit of self-government established, were the enthusiasms guided by reason and the desire subordinated to prudence and good sense, the actual labor performed and efforts produced might be even greater than they are without any evil results ensuing upon the health of life. M. S.

USELESS and hurtful memories can be crowded out by filling the mind with better things. Much of such recollections are mere idle reveries that he can be swept away by the fresh breeze of enthusiasm, activity, and duty. Happy memories, kindly feelings, noble ideas, generous plans, may so fill the head and employ the mind that there will be neither room nor place for futile reminiscences.

THY LETTERS CHARM ME SO.

BY PAUL DEVERE.

Strange, thy letters charm me so,
Like some vision wondrous fair;
I have never seen thy face,
But thine image pure I trace,
By the deepest inner grace,
In reflection there.

Through the night and all the day,
Friend adopted, I declare
I am wondering what you are,
With your soul so thrilling fair,
As I build in Summer air
Castles full of doubt and care.

Hush, my heart, these throbbings wild,
As her words I scan;
Can it be that friendship grows
Into love, as bud to rose?
Hush, what do the fates propose
In the heavenly plan?

Only this I care to know,
Friend who must to me be fair,
Words of thine that thrill me so,
From the purest sources flow,
And are balm for deepest woe,
In my castle rare.

Sing, my heart, the day is dear,
As I wonder what you are,
This, the burden of my song,
Love is sweet, and doubt is wrong;
Yours has made me cheer and strong,
Friend whose soul is truly fair.

TACT.

To be able to say the right thing at the right moment is a great art, and said only to be acquired by those who have natural talent that way.

When a careless talker, who was criticising a young lady's father severely, paused a moment to say, "I hope he is no relation of yours, Miss B — ?" quick as thought she replied, with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of mother's by marriage."

Few could hope to show such clever readiness of speech in a dilemma of the kind. Yet in a more curious way this was almost matched by a cautious old woman, who, when asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, with a knowing look replied:

"Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know; but after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be!"

In a little episode of village life we had lately another interesting instance of feminine tact. Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church, the bridegroom signed his X mark. The pretty young bride did the same; and then turning to a young lady who had known her as the best scholar in the school, whispered to her, while love and admiration shone in here eyes:

"He is a dear fellow, miss, he cannot write. He is going to learn from me, and I would not shame him for the world."

But it is not always so apparent that in the affairs of life women are more adroit, or show more discernment or better perception than men.

Who has not noticed how often mothers and nurses, by continually uttering vague threats, which their little charges soon learn are never fulfilled, lose all authority—while one word from Paterfamilies acts like magic in restoring order and obedience amongst the young rebels.

It is undeniable that concerning the love affairs of others women usually show much more perspicacity than men, and know how to act accordingly; yet often in their own cases the tact evinced by them in skilfully managing a lover would seem to be lost when that lover becomes a husband.

"Tact," we are told, "often thwarts strength," and certainly may be made a wonderful instrument of conciliation and pacification.

To be able readily and without premeditation to do or say the right thing is an enviable gift, one that has not unfrequently brought substantial rewards to its possessor.

To ask a favor gracefully, or to compose a well-worded or delicately expressed missive in matters of diplomacy, would probably tax the mental resources of most of us.

To many men the art of at least putting things in a kind and complimentary way is not uncommon—an art that was well cultivated by the courtiers of days gone by.

The printer who drew the terrible one-eyed Tamerlane in the attitude of a warrior taking aim with his bow, and consequently having one eye closed, is an illustration in point.

Nor was the Spanish nobleman who sent Queen Elizabeth a looking glass when asked by her majesty for the portrait of the lady who possessed so accomplished a cavalier's heart, a whit behind Raleigh himself in readiness and delicacy of tact.

A gentleman was heard to remark at a fashionable French gathering: "At that time, Marchioness, I was in love;" then suddenly interrupting himself: "But no doubt you are astonished that any one should fall in love before knowing you!"

This, we admit, was rather an instance of excessive gallantry than of readiness such as was displayed by another Frenchman in the following:

An old nobleman was lately accosted by an elderly lady with white hair at a party given by a Baroness. "Don't you recognize me, Monsieur d'Aureville?" The gentleman was silent. "It is many years," she continued, 'since we met; I think in 1818"—"An, madame," exclaimed the nobleman, "I have greatly changed since that time." Could any one but a Frenchman have shaped such an answer?

It must have been a countryman of his who said: "If you wish to pay a pretty compliment to a plain and ignorant woman, and at the same time do not wish to be guilty of a falsehood, tell her that she is as beautiful as she is accomplished. She will think you are a charming man, and your conscience will be guiltless of an untruth." Such an adviser must be one of the very diplomatists of society.

True courtesy, which has been called "the beauty of the heart," sometimes suggests, even to the uneducated, graceful ways of putting their words that excite wonder and admiration. "Are you not very cold, my poor boy!" said a sympathetic young lady to a shivering shoeblack. "I was till you smiled, miss," was the clever and flattering reply.

The habit of thought before speech is not easy to acquire; and in conclusion we may add that tact, though partly a natural gift, is a good deal indebted to education and early habits. The superiority of one sex over the other in this respect will often be found to depend on art quite as much as upon nature.

CONDUCT AND CHARACTER.—The idea that so long as a thing is good to be done at all hazards is a very demoralizing one. It puts conduct above character; whereas conduct is chiefly valuable as it is the natural fruit of character. Not only should we consider the intrinsic quality of the motive we present, but also the effect of its being strongly and frequently excited Every time we arouse cupidity or avarice, envy or rivalry, hope of public applause or fear of the public frown, we help to form a corresponding character; and we may well inquire what is the object that, when gained, will be worth such a price. That this should be done thoughtlessly and unconsciously, as it often is, shows a great deficiency in our moral condition.

Grains of Gold.

Laziness rusts, but poverty, like acid, eats it.

Conscience is the most enlightened of all philosophers.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt

To reduce a debt is by far the best way of contracting one.

Punctually in money matters leads to prosperity and confidence and the basis of credit.

There is no lack of industry in the world—the lack is in making the right application of it.

More helpful than all wisdon is one daught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point.

The covetous person lives as if the world was made altogether for him, and not he for the world—to take in everything and part with nothing.

The indolent are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labor, the brain is not idle. If it do not grow corn, it will grow thistles.

Often the soul is ripened into one fuller goodness while age has spread an ugly film, so that mere glances can never divine the preciousness of the fruit.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

Mutual courtesy oils the wheels of life and makes them roll easily. It sweetens what is inevitably bitter, and cannot bring about that result save by making the best of things.

Femininities.

The New York Central Railroad has 26 female station agents.

A colored woman in Milledgeville, Ga., claims to be 124 years old.

Mrs. Sally Brown, of Chichester, N. H., celebrated her 101st birthday anniversary Saturday.

Why are women extravagant in clothes?—Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

A greater number of women are married between the ages of twenty and twenty-five than at any other period of life.

Marrying a man you dislike in hopes of loving him afterwards is like going to sea in a storm in hopes of fair weather.

Twelve prominent Chicago physicians have unanimously concluded that girls should not marry under 20 years of age.

"I don't think you are very smart," said a wife to her husband; to which he responded: "No, dear; but everybody knows that I am awful shrewd."

The London coaching meet for this season has taken place, but the women who promised to appear on horse back, riding astride, were not to be seen.

He: "What is this cake you have made, darling?" She: "A pound cake, sweetest." He: "I think there must be something the matter with the scales."

These are the days when the college orator and the sweet girl graduate undertake the elucidation of the universe. Bless their dear, enthusiastic souls!

A Chinese bride, when putting on her wedding garments, stand in a round, shallow basket. This is supposed to ensure a placid, well-rounded life in her new home.

Husband: "Did you bring your opera glass with you?" Wife: "Yes; but I can't use it." Husband: "Why not?" Wife: "Oh, I left my diamond rings at home!"

If a woman would believe less of what a man tells her before marriage, and more of what he tells her afterwards, the wedded state would be a much more harmonious affair.

The following is an extract from a bride's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the parlor on our mantel-piece, where we hope to see you often."

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

The really swell young woman can now thoroughly appreciate what it means to have a fellow's back collar button slip down his spine, and his collar and tie commence to climb up the back of his neck.

Irene: "Well, there's one thing I will say about Mr. Sarvey. He always speaks well of everybody." Kate: "Yes; but don't you think that denotes a low standard of judgment in Mr. Sarvey?"

"John," screamed a country girl, seated by the side of her dull lover, "leave me alone!" John, astonished, cried—"Why, I ain't a touching yer!" "No," replied she, "but you might have done—if you liked."

The word apron is said to have originated in a strange blunder, viz: A napperon, converted into an apperon. Napperon is French for a napkin, from nappe (cloth in general). Some English counties still employ the word apperon.

The Burmese believe that the ruby ripens like fruit. They say that a ruby in its crude state is colorless, and, as it matures, changes first to yellow, then to green, then to blue, and lastly to a brilliant red—its highest state of perfection and ripeness.

Miss Mollie Fancher, the famous Brooklyn cataleptic invalid, who has been confined to her bed since 1867, when her spine was injured in an accident on her way to school, has opened a fancy goods store. Her bed is connected with the store by a speaking tube.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady, even his wife, his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

"What creatures of habit men are!" soliloquized Mrs. Jason. "Whenever I get anything new to wear Mr. Jason declares that it looks just frightful; but by the time it is worn out, and I want a change, he declares that I look better in it than in anything new I could buy."

A newspaper man who called to inquire concerning Mme. Bernhardt's health during her recent illness was ushered directly into her bedroom. Around the room were seated a dozen or more authors, artists, et al., of varying degrees of eminence, who took turns at sitting in the one favored chair, close to the bedside.

"There's a sad case," said old Mrs Squagg, as she laid the paper on her knees and wiped her spectacles. "A bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and at last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Squagg, with a sigh—"it's the way of the world. Some men have all the luck."

A traveler in China states that in 1878 eight young girls residing near Canton, "who had been affianced, drowned themselves in order to avoid marriage. They clothed themselves in their best attire, and at eleven o'clock, in the darkness of the night, having bound themselves together, they threw themselves into a tributary stream of the Canton River."

Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at the door with the hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries: "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?" "No, dear." "Boo-hoo-hoo—well, you said you was, boo—hoo—hoo." (Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-taking.)

Masculinities.

President Harrison smokes a cigar after each meal.

John B. Curtis, of Portland, Me., has made nearly $1,000,000 in the manufacture of chewing gum.

Clerks in London have formed a union, and intend agitating for better pay and shorter hours.

Why is "naming the day" for the wedding like a naval battle?—Because it is a marry-time engagement.

"The best is cheapest," may be a good motto in selecting spring beds, but one's best girl is always dearest.

It is a criminal offense to mail a postal card containing written or printed matter of a defamatory character.

This would be a more comfortable world if a larger number of the inhabitants did not think others better off than themselves.

After a recent storm a Buffalo man found eight pounds of hailstones in his hammock. He has stored them and is now a leading member of the ice trust.

Jones—"Was it not disgraceful the way in which Smith snored in church yesterday?" Brown—"I should think it was. Why, he wakened us all."

The widow—"How strange it is that we should meet thus after all these years." Her first admirer (despairingly)—Well, I did my best to prevent it."

Dr. Brown-Sequard is still engaged on his youthful elixir at Paris, and persists in believing that his experiment will at last be successfully established.

The amount of pin money a man should give his wife depends largely on the kind of pins she likes. Diamond pins or gold hair-pins, for instance, come very high.

A Maine paper tells of an absent-minded man who dropped his gold-bowed eye-glasses into the contribution plate and carefully placed a ten cent piece in the eye-glass case.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers until the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

"Maria, will you please start the him?" called out the parson from the stairway at 11 P. M., and young Doodely, who had accompanied the parson's daughter home from church, took the hint and left.

A Georgia editor apologizes for the scarcity of local news in his paper, and says: "We will have plenty of news next week, as we have taken a census contract and we are on the inside track of every citizen in the county."

Mrs. Macaulay having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

Clot Bey, the founder of modern medicine in Egypt, says that it requires as much surgery to kill one Egyptian as seven Europeans, and there is no doubt that Egyptians bear surgical operations with extraordinary pluck and success.

Young Gent (his first appearance at a ball) to elderly friend—"What am I to talk to my partner about?" Friend—"Her beauty." Young Gent—"But if she doesn't happen to be beautiful?" Friend—"No matter; she'll take your word for it."

Waiter, to customer: "Ain't de soup all right, sah?" Customer, dubiously: "Y-e-s, it tastes all right, but I'm a barber, and I wish you would ask the cook if he doesn't want a bottle of my Egyptian Tonsorial Elixir. It prevents the hair from falling out."

Pope Leo uses a gold pen for his correspondence, but his signatures are always attached with a quill from the wing of a dove or stormy petrel, opinion is divided as to which. This pen has been in use by the Pope for forty years, and is kept by him in a case of ivory.

A woman who wants a Trenton (N. J.) court to dissolve the partnership existing between her and her husband has established the fact that he danced upon her handsome new spring bonnet. It may come out in rebuttal, however, that it was the bill for the bonnet that sent him off.

Among the ancients, forms of salutation were sometimes in the shape of self-inflicted torture to the person saluting. One tribe would open a vein and offer to a distinguished friend the blood to drink. The Franks tore hair from their head, and presented it to the person they wished to salute.

Not many men can boast of having had three emperors as godfathers for three of their sons. There is a brawny smith in the little town of Brandenburg who has ten sons. Emperor William I. was godfather of his seventh boy, Emperor Frederick to his eighth, and the present emperor to his ninth.

The two elder sons of the German Emperor are going to Hanover to study at the Gymnasium. The little lads are only seven and six years old, but Emperor William wishes them to acquire the best and most polished German. Further, he is anxious to bind the Hanoverians closer to the Imperial dynasty.

It is reported that one of the young women who are employed just at present as census enumerators piled a hackney on her route with the prescribed questions so skilfully as to win his heart upon the spot. His replies to her interrogatories on the subject of his financial condition were prompt and satisfactory, and they are to be married forthwith.

A remarkable woman is Mary Wing, wife of Thomas Wing, of Fayette, Me. She is 80 years of age, and during the past year has done the cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, knitting, etc., for a family of four. Last fall she cleaned her house throughout, and, in addition to all her other work, has made since last October 350 pounds of butter. She is able to ride out ten or twelve miles in a day, appears as jovial and happy as any young person, and is in the best of health.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The *Quiver* for July opens with "A Skyward Journey," which describes the ascent of Mt. Pilatus, with pen and pencil. The closing chapters of E. Neal's serial, "Worthy to be Loved" are given. A weightier subject is "A Comparison and a Contrast." "A Day with the 'Church Army'" describes the work of a sort of upper class salvation army. L. T. Meade's new serial, "In the Second Place," is the title of a capital story in three chapters. "The Dreams of Dr. Fayding" are continued. There are short stories, poetry and music, and articles of a more theological nature. The *Quiver* preaches a cheerful and practical Christianity. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

"Womanlike" is the name of a promising new serial, by the author of "A Man by the Name of John," which begins in the July number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. "Mr. Smith and His Friends" is a paper which all lovers of animals will read with pleasure and interest. "Mr. Smith" being a spaniel and one of his particular friends a horse. "The Mistresses' Union; or, How we Solved the Servant Question" will find eager readers among the heads of households. 'Our Delicate Child" will appeal to all mothers with young children and "Another Easy Continental Trip" to all who have leisure and means for such luxuries. "Aerial Photography," by Walter E. Woodbury, will interest all devotees of the camera, whether amateur or professional. 'Ninette's Ideas" is a good short story and there is poetry for the sentimental and music for those who are musically inclined. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

FETCHED!—He had been paying attention to her for a long time, and seemed to be slow in putting into practice any of the beautiful theories of love and domestic comfort and that sort of thing with which he had very often beguiled the happy hours. She thought she might bring him to the scratch, but she did not want to make it altogether too plain.

She thought that a kind of allegory might "fetch" him. So the next time he came he found her in the garden reclining in a hammock.

An open book was lying beside her, her hand carelessly resting upon it; the other hand was gracefully posed pressing her back hair; her eyes were fixed dreamily on the cloudless blue seen through the interlaced foliage of the tree. He approached. Apparently she heard him not. He looked at the picture a moment while she was steeped in reverie. He spoke. She gave a little start and gently rubbed her eyes.

"Is it you George, is it?" she said softly. "I was dreaming."

"Dreaming! And what were you dreaming of?"

"It was silly—ridiculous! I won't tell you."

"Do tell me!"

"No—it was so silly!"

"Do tell me what it was!"

"Well, you won't laugh at me," she said coyly.

"No, indeed I won't."

"I dreamed that I was married, and I was living in a pretty little cottage all covered with honeysuckle and woodbine and roses, and my husband——"

"What was he like?"

"He was a very nice looking man. He had beautiful dark hair and eyes, and he was tall."

George made no remark. George was blond and short.

"But you know, George," she said, after the pause had grown awkward, "dreams always go by contraries."

George saw the point.

A GREAT DISCREPANCY IN AGES.—"Isn't Mrs. Jodkins older than her husband?" quoth Podkins to Snodkins.

"Oh, yes," laconically answered Snodkins to Podkins.

"How much?" asked Podkins.

"I cannot tell," was the reply. "I happen to know that some time ago Mrs. Jodkins was exactly twice as old as her husband."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Podkins. "What an awful discrepancy in ages!"

Snodkins prides himself on always keeping within the exact truth, and yet the unfortunate Mrs. Jodkins is only one year older than her better half; though when he was one year of age, she was just twice as old.

Hear both sides and all will be clear; hear but one and you will still be in the dark.

Of The Temple.

BY S. C. P.

WHEN I was a struggling young barrister, living, for the sake of economy, in my chambers in the Temple, a somewhat amusing adventure occurred to me.

It happened that I received an unexpected invitation to eat my Christmas dinner with a rich and testy old uncle—my only male relation—from whom I had once considerable expectations, but with whom I had quarelled on the subject of a portionless young lady on whom I had set my affections. He had been very wroth with me on that occasion, had vowed he would never see me again, and had altered the testamentary disposition of his property, leaving me without even the proverbial shilling.

But now, after the lapse of three years, he had, it seems, relented, and had written to say that if I would dine with him on Christmas Day at seven o'clock precisely—he was a great stickler for punctuality—he would regard bygones as bygones, and would not only reinstate me in his affections and his testament, but would also provide me, during his lifetime, with the wherewithal that was necessary to enable me to marry the lady of my choice.

The invitation I joyfully accepted, for the small income which I was able to earn at the bar was barely sufficient for my own necessities, and was utterly inadequate to the support of a wife. And so it came about that I lay placidly dozing that Christmas morning thinking about it all; pondering over the past, endeavoring to peer into the future, building castles in the air, and settling everything to my own satisfaction.

It was late when I at last turned out of bed, and found it a blowy, snowy, blustering day. Thrusting my feet into a pair of slippers, I went into the adjoining room for my shaving water, for I always shaved before doing anything else.

But, alas! the fire was out, the water was cold, and I had given a holiday to my "laundress." There was nothing for it but to set to work to light the fire myself.

The operation was a tedious one; the sticks were few in number and not quite dry; a good deal of blowing was required, during which performance my hair would straggle over my face; my hands were black with coal, and every time I put them up to my forehead to replace the vagrant locks they left a trace of their presence there, so that by the time I had finished I was a pretty object.

As soon as the fire began to burn, it was evident that it would die of inanition unless speedily furnished with more fuel. So, picking up the empty scuttle, I sallied forth, with nothing on but my dressing-gown, to the cupboard on the staircase which did duty for a coal-cellar. Passing the open window on the landing, I became painfully aware of the rigor of the climate, and congratulated myself on having lit my fire before commencing dressing operations as it would make the room comfortably warm for breakfast.

I was putting coals into the scuttle rapidly when I heard a tremendous bang, which not only caused me to drop a heavy lump of coal on my slippered toes, but made me terribly anxious. Looking round, coal-scuttle in hand, I saw my worst fears realized.

The wind had closed my "oak"—the thick, iron-lined, outer door of my chambers, which fastened with a spring lock. And the key was inside!

Here was a nice position for a sentimental lover within measurable distance of the hour which might make or mar his life: outside his chambers on a bitter Christmas morn, with no protection against the cold blast except a dressing gown and a thin pair of bed-room slippers; and not another soul in the neighborhood.

The more I contemplated my predicament the more forlorn seemed my fate, and the more frozen I became. Something must be done. But what? My laundress had another key, but how was I to get at her? I couldn't well go in search of her myself, and as my chambers were in the most secluded part of the Inn, it was hopeless to expect that anyone would come within nailing distance of them on Christmas Day. I might shout myself hoarse before anyone would hear me. And I was rapidly freezing.

What was to be done?

The only expedient that seemed at all feasible was to go, just as I was (for there is not a curtain or even a window-blind to be found on a Temple staircase), out into Middle Temple Lane and up to the Porter's Lodge under the archway which leads into the Strand. It was a long distance, but I could run it in a minute and a half.

I started, and, congratulating myself that the Inns of Court are deserted on Christmas Day fled speedily along.

Half the distance had been safely accomplished, and there was not a soul to behold, even at a distance, the extraordinary object which fled along that dull, sober, respectable roadway, and I was beginning to appreciate and enjoy the joke, when, coming to a narrow opening which leads to another part of the Temple, I found myself almost in the arms of three ladies who were on the point of emerging from it!

I cast a shoe with fright, and realized in a moment what was happening.

Morning service in the Temple church was just over, and along that passage and up Middle Temple Lane was a favorite means of exit.

But I sped on in my wild career, not daring to turn my head, for I knew I was being followed by a whole bevy of furred and flounced dames and damsels. What would I not have given at that moment for a blanket or a rug! However, the distance was increasing every moment.

Hurrah! The Lodge at last!

Knock—knock—kno—ck. Why don't they answer? Knock—knock; bang—bang. Good heavens! There is no one in—and the distance between me and the churchgoers is decreasing. Yes, gradually but steadily decreasing. What shall I do? If only I had boots on I would kick the door down, but one slipper is useless for such a purpose.

Knock, bang—knock, bang!

"Hullos, there! What's all that noise about?"

A voice from the inside. The door opens. The porter, who is at first completely taken aback at the apparition he sees, thinks a raving maniac is before him, and would have shut me out. But I don't give him the chance, and nearly overturning him, rush into the house—and am saved. Explanations take place, a messenger is sent for my laundress, who resides somewhere in the neighborhood, and I am provided with some kind of clothing. After the expiration of half an hour my emissary returns and says with a chuckle:

"Please, sir, Mrs. Tibbits is gone to Richmond, and they don't know when she will be back."

"Didn't you find out when she is likely to return?"

"Well, sir, they did say as how they didn't s'pose she'd be back afore about of a seven or half-past."

And my dinner was at seven o'clock!

I will not detain you with a description of the mental agonies I endured that afternoon. My whole future seemed to depend upon my getting to that dinner. If I were not there by seven o'clock, an unfavorable construction might be put upon my absence which no amount of subsequent explanation would remove. My absence, or even my late arrival would certainly give offence, and would probably imperil my matrimonial prospects.

How many times I sent to inquire if that confounded Richmond-going laundress had returned, I don't know. As the long hours went by my anxiety increased. However, all suspense was at last put an end to at half-past six by the arrival of the key, and as the clock struck seven I was knocking at my uncle's door.

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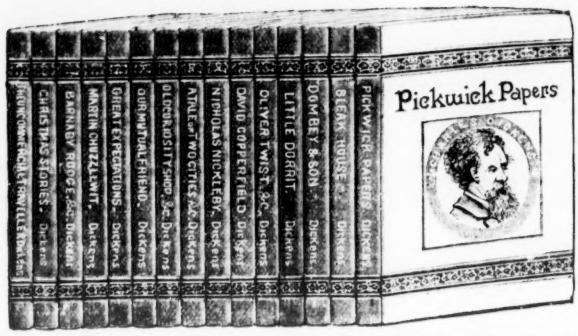

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Humorous.

TO CRUSTY OLD BACHELORS.

Don't frown on the riotous boys,
Nor check all their innocent joy;
Though now you're so grumpy and glum
You once were a dear happy boy.

Your hair which is scanty and gray,
Was tangled, and golden, and bright;
Your mother caressed it, you know,
When softly she kissed you good-night.

Your feet, which are troubled with gout,
Were eager to come and to go,
To wander in daisy-decked meads,
Or scamper in new-fallen snow.

The boys who are laughing to-day,
And full of their mischief and fun,
Will be but too sober and grave
Ere life's weary journey is done.

Then pardon their being so young—
A fault which not long will remain,
And one which when once we've renounced
We never fall into again.

—U. N. NONE.

How to remove weeds — Marry the widow.

Considering how little the bell knows, it is wonderful how much it has tolled.

Mrs. A.: "What black eyes that baby has!" Mrs. B.: "Yes; his father is a pugilist."

"What would we do without doctors?" "Well, we might get along; but what would the druggists do?"

A modern French writer says: "A physician prescribing for a sick man always reminds me of a child snuffing a candle; it is ten to one but he snuffs it out."

He: "My darling, you must be mine. I yearn for you every day." She: "That's all right; but what I want to know is, will you earn for me every day after we are married?"

He, poor and idle: "You reject my hand. Cruel girl! Reverse your decision, or I shall do something desperate!" She, an heiress, who knows he wooe her to be maintained: "Go to work, I suppose?"

A criminal going to be hanged begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round his throat: "for," said he, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat that, if tied there, I shall certainly kill myself with laughter."

Woman, to tired tramp, who is resting at the gate: "If you'll come round to the back door I'll give you a piece of pie."

Tired tramp: "Thanks, ma'am, not any; you gave me a piece of pie when I passed through this part last summer."

Boarding-house keeper: "Cutlets, you may bring me just one-half the usual amount of meat until further notice."

Cutlets: 'Indeed! Have any of your boarders left?'

Boarding-house-keeper: "No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love."

"Before we were married my husband and I used to go on pleasure jaunts together every Sunday," remarked one matron to another as they rode uptown on a street car last evening. "How was it with you?"

"Before I was married," answered her companion, sweetly, "I had no husband."

"Did you bake these biscuits?" he asked at the supper-table.

"Yes, George; I made them expressly for you," she winningly replied.

"And yet," said George, vainly trying to pry open a biscuit, "you have always told me you loved me, and couldn't live without me!"

De Gillie: "Bobby, did your mother make any derogatory remarks about my singing after I was gone the other night?"

"Bobby: "N-no, she didn't make any derogatory remarks."

De Gillie: "I'm glad to hear that."

Bobby: "But she nearly died laughing."

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend.

"Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding day."

"Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend.

"Oh, no; not at all. He just eats cloves. He says that is a certain cure."

Young wife: "Then you won't fulfil this trifling request of mine?"

Husband: "Not on any account!"

The wife silently brings out a phonograph, which, on being set in motion, pronounces audibly the following words:

"Dearest Agnes, when once we are married, I will do my utmost to carry out every wish I can read in your eyes!"

Chicago dude, during the engagement: "Little sweetheart, that lovely auburn hair of yours always looks beautiful, but since the wind has slightly mussed it it looks positively bewitching. You should always make it a point to have it a trifle out of order."

Two years after marriage:

"Say, Jane, for Heaven's sake go upstairs and put that red hair of yours in order. It's enough to drive me mad. Why, it looks like the fringe on a red lounge!"

"It's a shame and disgrace that everybody should conspire to rob a rich man!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see I had a little party at my mansion last night."

"So I read in the papers."

"And, to amuse my guests, I ordered some vocal music."

"Yes; I heard you had a quartet."

"I did order a quartet, and four singers crowded into the room and insisted on singing. I had to pay all four of them; and, mind you, I only asked for a single quartet! That's the way I'm swindled every day of my life, and I'm tired of it!"

ROMPING GIRLS. What do you want with the prunes and prism girl? Let the little ones romp. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine.

Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest and build up the nerves.

The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery with calisthenics or gymnastics will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly, make a great mistake.

Better the laughing, rosy cheeked, romping girl than the pale lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady.

The latter very rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tires her mother's patience as the former does; but, after all, what does the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and play. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough.

Let them be children as long as they can. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please.

By all means give us hearty, healthy, romping girls rather than pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradles to nervousness, headache, and similar ailments.

THE OLD SHOE.—Various explanations have been given of the popular custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal couple. Some think that it was originally intended as a mock assault on the bridegroom, and hence a survival of the ceremony of opposition to the capture of a bride. Others suppose that the shoe was formerly a symbol of the authority over her by her father or guardian, the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom thus indicating that the authority was transferred to him. By most people, however, the sole-throwing is considered to be merely symbolical of good fortune. Constant allusions to the practice occur in our old writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, thus refer to it:

Captain, your shoes are old: pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us;

while Ben Jonson, in his "Masque of the Gipsies," makes one of the gipsies say—

Hurle after an old shoe,
I'll be merry whate'er I doe.

STRANGER (at the door,) "I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy."

Servant: "Really, sir, I don't know—"

Voice (from head of the stairs,) "Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."

FOGG—"What's this advertisement you have out in front stating that you are selling goods way below cost?"

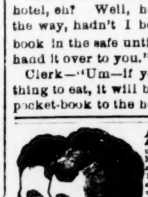
Einstein—"It's der truth, my friend, s'help me."

Fogg—"Now you don't mean to stand there and tell me that you are selling goods so cheap as all that?"

Einstein—"I'll tell you der fact. My gustomers are getting rich buying from me and selling to the rag man."

STRANGER—"Five dollars a day at this hotel, eh? Well, here's the money. By the way, hadn't I better leave my pocket-book in the safe until I want it? If so, I'll hand it over to you."

Clerk—"Um—If you expect to get anything to eat, it will be better to hand your pocket-book to the head waiter."



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A GENTLEMAN in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage-money if there was any danger of being blown up as the steam made such a horrid noise."

"Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

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No. 1. The round of the head.	
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and heels an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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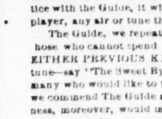

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without the learning required in music books, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for six popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A tea gown in yellow cashmere, yellow being the fashionable color for June, is cut to cross in front surplice fashion—the edges being crotched with a small tinsel thread. At the back of the waist and in front there are ornaments and a girdle composed of gold and silk cord. The way in which the stuff falls is most graceful, and the collar is high and straight. The sleeves of the dress are full and loose, of yellow "blond." Yellow, combined with gray, is a very stylish combination, a model being a dress made by Feilx, in which yellow speckled crepe chiffon was intermixed with a rich gray and white brocade, the design thistles. The brocade showed a panel at the side, the yellow falling over it elsewhere, the selvedge being left so that here and there it fell en cascade. A belt of yellow and gold appeared at the front of the waist, but on the bust two ends of the yellow material were caught in a knot with an ornament; the sleeves was a leg of mutton or gigot—hardly any other kind is to be seen—and was composed of the brocade.

A gray brocaded silk in poult de soie is made up with a lighter gray brocade, the design apple blossom; the trimming Irish point. This is made with a straight back gathered on the bodice, and allowed to flow quite loosely, not tacked at all to the foundation. French dresses have neither pads, steels, nor even drawing strings. The sides fall on the cross, and open to discover the darker silk. The front is also slightly on the cross, and the lace from the waist on one side forms a trimmed end. The sleeves are high on the shoulder, tight at the wrist and the front of the bodice is concealed by a plastron of brocade edged with lace. This has a straight collar band, for in Paris the high Medici collar has given place to straight, high collar bands in nearly every instance.

A pink cloth cloak for evening wear is lined with willow green surah at the fronts. The shoulders are very full, and down the straight peasant fronts and around the bell sleeves are lines of exquisite changeable galloons, in which many colors are combined, or shot with some metallic braid.

These metallic galloons, as heretofore mentioned in these columns, are the most artistic things for deepening or bringing out a contrasting color in an otherwise plain dress. A pinky fawn color and the beautiful green called petunia are exquisite trimmings on a white woollen gown.

Kilted batistes are made of plain and embroidered material, combined; between each two kilts which are in the plain material a strip of the figured is set on. This resembles in effect the lined kilt skirts in cream serge that give almost a changeable effect as the wearer moves and the tinted lining of each kilt is allowed to show. Bodices and puffed sleeves are plain in these combination gowns of plain and figured nun's veiling, batiste, etc. The embroidered material is set on these and on the skirts as trimming.

A tan-colored cheviot, with a check border, is so made that this border seemed a distinct fabric. It mingles on a skirt and bodice, and wherever there is an edge of any kind it is bordered with a narrow fancy trimming and rows of buttons, the skirt fastening over the bodice and ending beneath two large tan buttons at the back of the waist. The sleeves is made high, with a gauntlet piece from wrist to elbow.

The rough knotted cheviot effects are repeated in many materials, even linen and cambric collars showing loose ends and streaky patterns in brown or blue on the white ground.

White satines, in cross bar patterns, with alternating lace (open work) stripes, are a fancy of the season.

String colored "lansdowne," trimmed with pansy colored galloons, made up with string colored lace and pansy velvet, are very effective gowns. But the true range of string colored materials is in the canvas or etamine goods, a material which seems to suggest the color. Even in cashmere or Henrietta cloth these goods are sold by the color, however, rather than the material, and when you can get that peculiar gray called "string" you need not trouble about the kind of stuff—the color is all that you require for effect.

For evening wear primrose yellow and steel gray are exquisite in combination. A steel gray bengaline bodice and train has the front, full sleeves and fichu of silk muslin, called chiffon, with primrose velvet bows, effectively placed.

A primrose surah dress has three graduated rows of lettuce velvet carried round the front of the skirt, up to the left side, and then gathered up in a cluster of loops, and allowed to fall loose. From each side of the bodice the three widths of velvet came and crossed over in the centre; the sleeves were trimmed to match, and a frilled fichu of primrose chiffon completed the whole.

The tea jackets of surah, bengaline and brocade, with a profusion of soft lace in front, are also in favor.

Many Paris gowns are trimmed entirely with ribbons. The medium width ribbons are more in demand than the very wide or the very narrow styles that were used so much a year ago, in many rows of the latter and fichu folds and sashes of the former.

As to hats, there is no article in the whole realm of fixings that the expression "too much of a good thing" may be applied to with greater aptness upon occasion. The flat, straight-brimmed derbys that made such an instantaneous hit this season are so prevalent now as not to have virtually any especial individualization.

Black straw that was one of the innovations late last season, will be worn by well dressed men, and in flat crowned and straight brimmed shape. The ribbon should be black and one inch in width. So far as exclusiveness is concerned the black straw is most likely to enjoy it.

One of the innovations of the season that will find favor among dressy men, that comprehend on sight that which would appeal to expert discernment, is the new summer waistcoat. The material is of a new grade of flannel, is washable, and the patterns that are in a great variety are laid in silk and wool. There are single and double breasted styles.

The white cassimere negligee shirts with broad silk stripes are very beautiful in the abstract, but in the concrete too commemorative of the blazer.

The Johnnies, that only blossom with the appearance of a real British burlesque troupe, are trying again the abortive plan of wearing a white silk four-in-hand with full dress and tuckling the ends in the skirt bosom. It will not be followed.

Gray or all black silk underwear, with skirts and corsets of the same, are in great request this season in making up traveling outfits.

Pretty pendant watches set in crystal balls are among the fashionable toys of to-day. They hang as an order, secured by a jeweled brooch on the owner's bodice.

Flowers and flower-bordered silks are in high favor. The designs on these are chiefly blossoms, leaves and sprays, rosebuds, snowdrops, violets pansies and daisies, all in their natural color and size.

China and India silk in white make beautiful toilets for receptions in summer. The silks are exquisitely fine and rich. When ornamented with buds, sprays or leaves in white silk the effect is lovely.

It is a peculiar fact, susceptible of proof by the scanning of past seasons, that when the outer garments are the most showy, the underwear is of the most subdued and quiet character. It would seem that the decorative average must be struck one way or another.

The non-elastic warm weather brace is made with the non elastic web and having round rubber elastic ends. The web is made of a light weight white background, washable material, and the figuring woven on are in as great a variety as a line of neckwear patterns.

Odds and Ends.

THE COOKING OF FISH.

Fried Mackerel.—Rub fillets of mackerel with salt, pepper and lemon juice; let them remain an hour, then wipe, and dip them in oil, flour them, and fry; put a little salt on the fillets, and serve with fried parsley.

Macquereaux aux Petits Oignons.—(mackerel with little onions) Take three dozen little onions, put them in a stewpan with some butter and a little white sugar, put over a quick fire, and shake them until they are a good brown; add a little broth, and cook them until they are nearly done, and the gravy is good. Take the heads and the ends of the tails off three small mackerel, then put the mackerel in a stewpan with a lump of butter, and brown them slightly; add a glass of white wine or a little lemon juice, cook a few minutes, put in a small lump of butter with flour worked into it, stir the sauce, add the onions and gravy, and finish cooking the fish over a slow fire.

Red Mullets.—Put the mullets in a marinade of oil, salt, chopped onion, and parsley; let them remain an hour, take them out and broil them; they will require about fifteen minutes. When done take out the livers, pound them in a mortar with oil, lemon juice and chopped parsley, put on the mullets, and serve.

Red Mullets en Papillotes.—Dip the mullets in oil, sprinkle with salt and breadcrumbs with a little chopped fennel, cut some heart shaped pieces of paper, oil them, put the fish in, fold the edges neatly together, broil over a slow fire, or bake the fish for about 20 minutes; serve in the papers.

Rougets (red mullets) au Plat.—Well oil a dish, and cover it with very finely chopped onions; dip the fish in oil, place them close together on the dish, and cover them with fine breadcrumbs and chopped parsley, sprinkle a little salt over them, and bake for about a quarter of an hour, squeeze some lemon juice over them and serve.

Grey Mullet.—Put the mullet in a fish kettle, cover it with cold water, add salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, chopped onion, carrot and parsley root, let it boil, then draw it to the side of the stove, and let it cook gently (time according to size) drain it, and serve surrounded with small potatoes (boiled) and sprigs of parsley. Send white caper sauce to table with it.

Fresh Herrings.—Make two or three cuts on each side, sprinkle with salt, and broil them about seven minutes over a quick fire, serve with maitre d'hotel butter, or white sauce thickened with mustard and flour.

Fried Herrings.—Soake fresh herrings in milk until they are wanted, salt and flour them, then fry in a pan full of boiling fat; serve with cut lemon only.

Stewed Herrings.—Cut the heads and tails off three herrings, put the fish in a stewpan with some finely chopped onion and parsley, a little shalot, salt, black pepper, and a small piece of butter; turn them, leave a few minutes, then add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and the same of water, cook gently; serve garnished with fried bread.

Harengs Papillotes.—Chop together onions, mushrooms, and parsley, add pepper and salt; dip the herrings in oil, then roll them in the chopped onions, etc. Wrap them in buttered papers, put them on a dish, and bake them in a moderate oven for about twenty five minutes, and then serve.

Moules (mussels) a la Poulette.—Put the mussels in a stewpan with pepper, nutmeg, and chopped parsley, add some butter and flour mixed together, and moisten with half white stock and half liquor from the mussels. Before serving add the yolk of an egg and some lemon juice.

Oysters are also dressed in this way.

Mussels Fried.—Thread the mussels on to wooden skewers, but not quite close together, dip them in a very thick white sauce to which has been added the yolk of an egg, let them cool, then dip them in breadcrumbs, then in a beaten up egg, and again in breadcrumbs, put them in boiling fat, fry a nice color, remove the skewers, and serve.

Anguilles (eels) a la Poulette.—Take an eel that has been skinned and cut in pieces put it in salt and water for an hour, then drain well; put two ounces of butter in a stewpan over the fire, put in the eel, and leave it a few minutes, but do not let it brown. Add one tablespoonful of flour; when the flour is cooked stir in sufficient water and a glass of light white wine, add salt a small bunch of sweet herbs and some mushroom trimmings; stir till it boils; skim the sauce. Let it cook slowly about half an hour, add the yolk of an egg to thicken the sauce, put the eel on a dish, strain the sauce, finish with a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar, and pour over the eel.

Eels aux Croutons.—Mix together chopped parsley, shalot, and onion; add pepper and salt; skin and cut a large eel in pieces, dip each piece in oiled butter or in oil, then cover them well with the chopped mixture. Cut rounds of bread the same size as the pieces of eel, one for each piece, dip them in hot butter or oil, put a piece of eel on each piece of bread, wrap up in buttered papers, and broil or bake; when done remove the papers, and serve the eels on the crusts with a thick piquant sauce.

Truite (trout) a la Genevoise.—Put some chopped onion and shalot, some parsley, thyme, two cloves, a bay-leaf, mushroom trimmings, pepper, salt, and a small piece of butter in a stewpan over the fire for a few minutes; then add some water and a little red or white wine; put in the trout. When the fish are done take them out and serve them on a layer of parsley; add a little flour and butter to the sauce, stir it and boil it as fast as possible to reduce it a little and make it stronger; then strain and serve.

Confidential Correspondents.

E. D. T.—Address Peterson & Bros., Publishers, this city. They will get the book for you if it is in print.

RESPONSE.—The "law of kindness" is to be considered in every case, and you should certainly write a civil note of congratulation.

R. W.—Zoe is of Egyptian origin, and probably means "queenly." Violet is the name of a flower which is the emblem of modesty.

JENNIE W.—The word "bumptious" is generally used to describe boasting, self-sufficient persons. The vulgar fussiness which it indicates can hardly be described in set terms.

JESTER.—You can get a history of the Franco-Prussian war at almost any bookseller's. The Emperor of Germany did not march through Paris; his troops occupied the city for one day only.

MRS. G. L. H. SALT LAKE.—The correct pronounciation of the word "Knabe" which is German for boy—— is as if spelled "k-naw-be. The "k" in the first syllable is sounded like "k" in "k." The accent is on "naw."

E. P.—Try to think a little less about yourself and more of other people, and you will soon forget to blush. Probably the persons in whose presence you blush don't think anything at all about you, very likely do not even see you! You are only one amongst many in the world; try and think that others do not notice you, and the blushing will cure itself.

INQUIRER.—The dyeing of horn, bone, ivory, and ivory nuts is ordinarily effected, after cleaning, by laying them down in the suitable dyestuff solutions, or painting with them. Straw is dyed in the same manner. Before dyeing, however, it must be cleaned by laying it down in ammonia or soda solution. Usually it is previously bleached by sulphurous acid.

N. N. S.—Before corresponding with any man it would be best to know him well, and feel sure of his motive in wishing you to write to him. Then be careful not to lead the correspondence into love-making, as girls are apt to do. They are never satisfied until the correspondence drifts emotionward. Then they are apt to write things they would hardly say, though knowing that the written word may make them ashamed some day.

C. P.—Marie Antoinette was the originator of the "claque" at Paris. On the occasion of the first performance of Alceste, by Gluck, who was highly esteemed by the queen, Marie Antoinette, in order to secure the success of the opera, distributed a large number of courtiers all over the theatre among the audience, with orders to applaud in the proper places. The opera house managers found this mode of securing success very practicable, and organized a paid band of "claqueurs" for this purpose.

A. N. N.—The Kolooshes is a name applied by the Russians to a family of Indian tribes on the north-west coast of America. Each tribe is divided into clans. None can intermarry in his own clan. They paint their faces, and wear a pin thrust through the lower lip. Their general appearance is unprepossessing. They burn the dead, preserving their ashes in wooden boxes or tombs. Behring, the explorer, visited them in 1741, but they proved unfriendly, and captured and destroyed two of his boats with their crew.

HORSE SNAKE.—Among "vulgar errors" none is more common than the one which would have it that horse hairs, if put into water, become in time endowed with life. The sole foundation for the belief seems to be that very young eels, and the threadlike worms of the family Gordiaceæ, which one sometimes sees in stagnant pools, look a little like animated horse hairs. It is possible, however, seeing that hairs are hollow, that the eggs of small marine creatures may be occasionally lodged in them, and that the hatching out of the young has suggested the mistake.

IGNORANT.—You have done the very best thing that you could do under the circumstances. If every wife would act as you have done, there would be a great deal more happiness in the world. Your husband wronged you as deeply as a man can wrong a woman, but he showed his repentance by breaking off the connection he had made and coming back to you. Try and forget as well as forgive, at any rate let it seem to him that you do so. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and if it is never raked up again, you may be as happy yet as if that miserable past had never existed.

A. R. S.—Certain papers make a practice of advertising businesses for sale, and certain cunning fellows live by establishing a little business and then letting it. So you see you require much caution in investing your savings. You can never be quite sure of the "little business," nor of the reason—always apparently good and in good faith—which "induces the proprietor" to "retire." Perhaps he will only retire round the corner, and take away his best customers. If you are satisfied that all is fair and genuine, then you can buy at once; a good obliging wife, willing and able to aid you, will soon bring customers around you. Be cautious at first.

CORRESPONDENT.—The planets are probably worlds like our own, revolving round the sun at various distances from that centre of our system. Many astronomers hold that they are inhabited. In some the days are long, cold, and cheerless; in others, short, and intensely hot. Some have a dense, aqueous atmosphere; others have none; some have seas and continents; others huge craters of extinct volcanoes, luminous belts, a diaphanous atmosphere; and one has four moons, satellites, which light it with a strange glare. In short, whatever we dream of hell or of heaven may, for aught we know, be realized in the vast, the almost infinite planetary system.

CHARLES B.—It is very difficult for a stranger to give advice under such circumstances. Not knowing you or the lady you are going to marry, we cannot say what course will be best for you. It is never wise to begin life with a debt weighing you down, and the prospects of a boarding house are so very uncertain that it seems a great risk to run. If you have furniture for a home, why not take a small house and let a room or two to help you with the rent, and look about carefully for some more remunerative employment? The boarding house scheme might land you in the bankruptcy court, unless everything went very well with you, and then you would lose what you already have, instead of adding to your store.